"Satisfying My Walter Mitty Dreams..."

WWWG Productions Ltd.

Singapore

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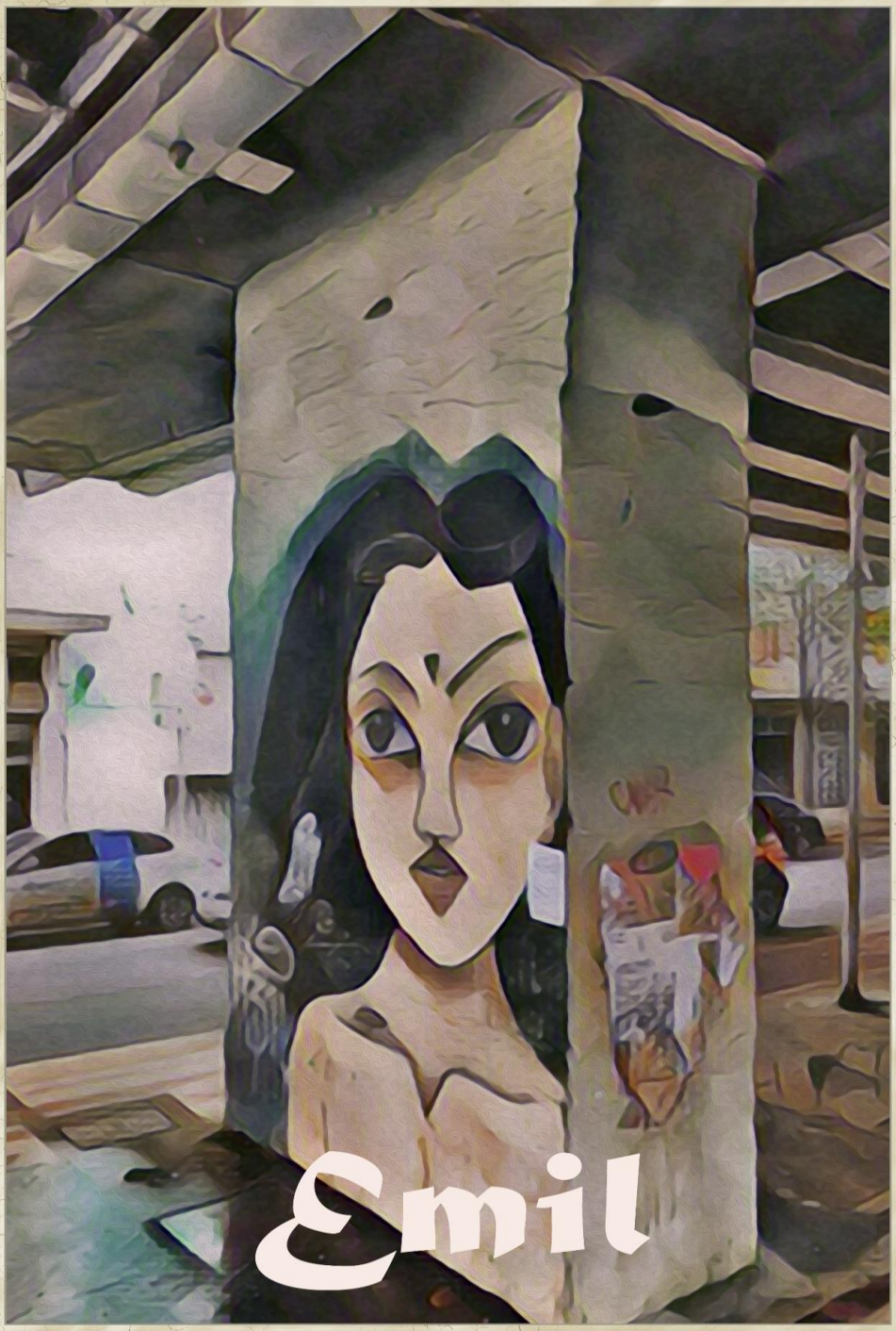

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GATHER ALL YE TOGETHER – CALLING OUT ALL EMIL FANS!

Breaking FRAKING News!!!

Dateline: Singapore...Emil has done his first non-temple book in months and which in my business represents, it is like a lifetime and in cat years...we would have not lived to see this day...

To say that we were happy as to this wonderous event would be to down play and minimize the importance, the earth shattering newsworthiness of this...

There were quite a few open smiles, a grin here-and-there and more than a few even danced a impromptu, a rather interesting little jig that seemed almost Irish in our Marketing Department ...

Mr. Charles, WWWG's crack accounting Guru was torn in what to do, little alone with to say (I have never seen him speechless before) due to his deep EDS (Emil Distress Syndrome) and his desire to increase WWWG's Economical Bottom Line.

San Paulo is even Brazil and Emil has a deep connection to the city that borders upon the sheer obsession that he has for Paris...to him, he gladly calls it "home."

Seine

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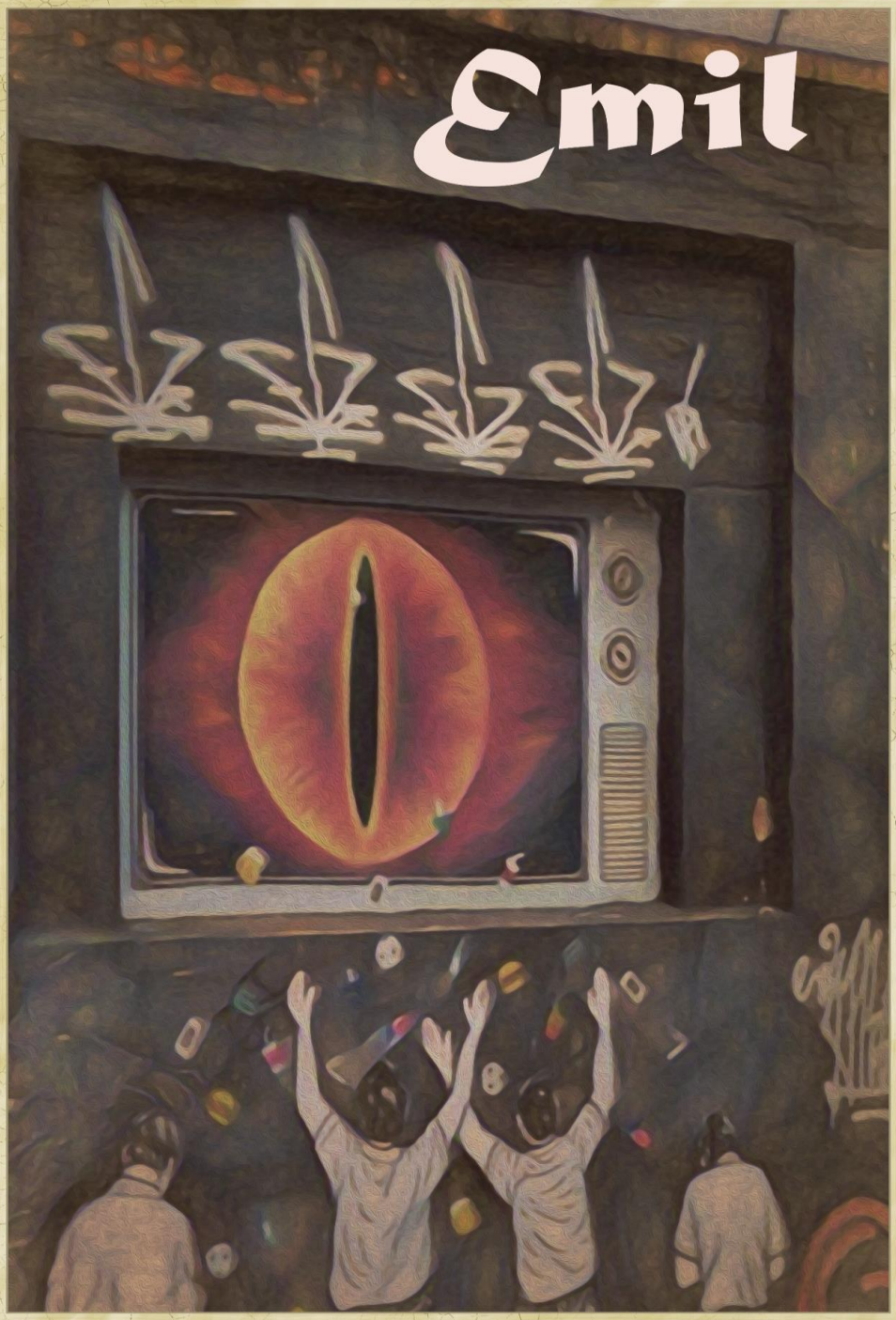

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"AND IF YOU BELIEVE THAT...."

Dateline: Deep in the belly of Yangon...
The world has we have grown so fond of has started to show it's age, the stresses and strains have warped us to the point that we were caught unprepared, unwilling to admit that the world as we knew it had just burped while we desperately tried our best to ignore a mention, the slightest tingle of ill feelings as we were forced to whimper and limp off the stage...No second show for most of us was even offered or optioned as the managers torn up our contracts as the motioned us out through the back door...
"No need to scare the squares, Bubba!"
I remember Sara Conner once said that
"No future...that we didn't make for ourselves..."
Thinking through that notion in the blithefully, cold hours that always seem to be hanging out here before the sun wakes up the coming day and scatters the mild, wishful illusion that with climate change, we might be living in some future temperate zone with the first, mighty bursts of all it's cosmic showboating of the power to shine the light of truth(s) that we screwed up the future even before we could dare to cast off the chains of the past that we so desire to hold ever so close...
What does this have to do with this book?
What does this mean at all?
Is there secret messages here?

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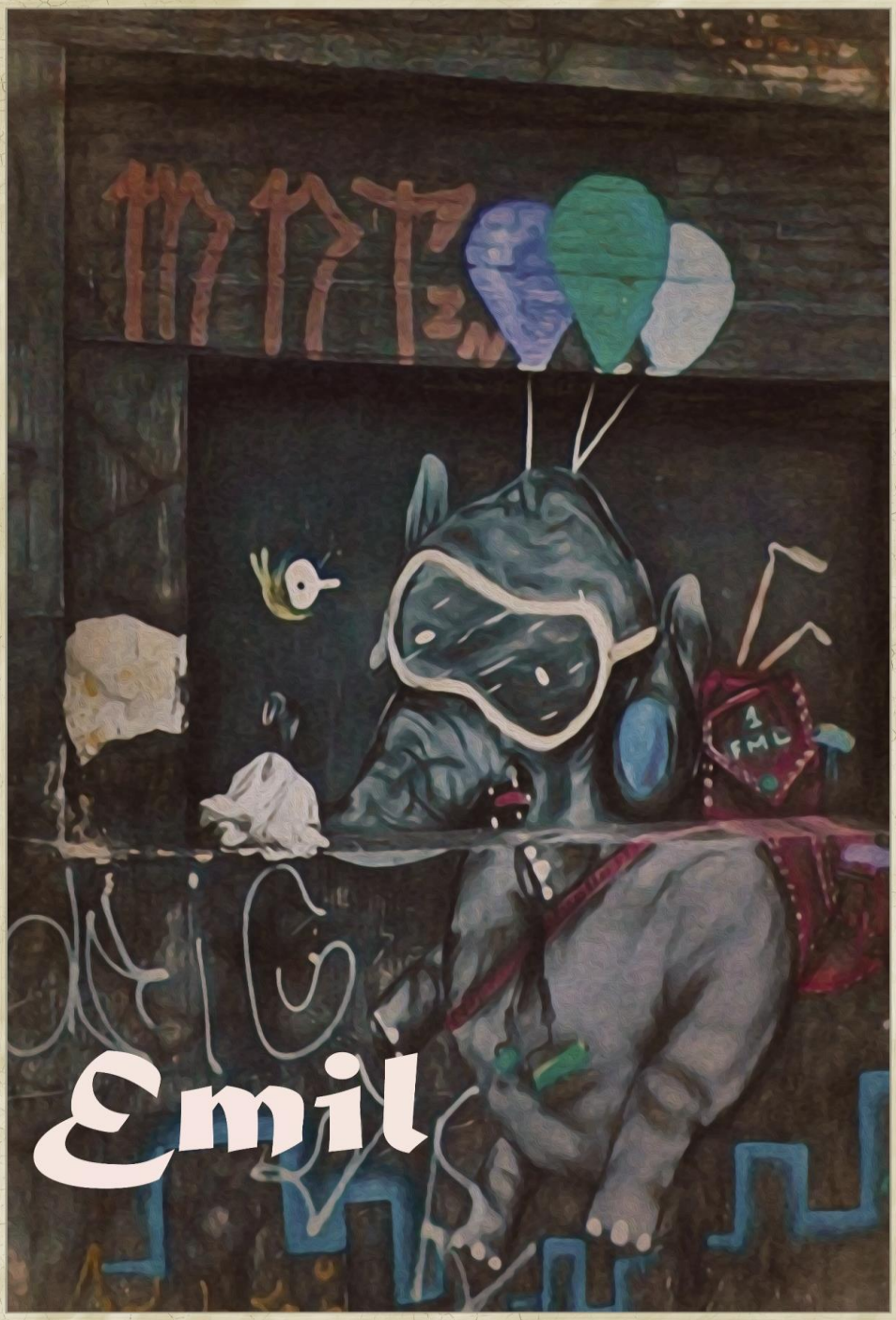

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"AND IF YOU BELIEVE THAT...."

As the evil fowl, the leader of WWWG's most vile cadre of socialist (communist) accountants, Mister Chucky Charles, would gleefully say to the crowd gathered along the StreetSide while trying his best to hold his delight in some check; as he shouts out ...

"Nothing to see here...move along!"

Truly!

We all know that this book was suppose to be a pictorial revisit of my previous book on what I always envisioned, bragged endlessly about as my second home, San Paulo...

And...Yes I did! You know me well by now!

I did write over 100 pages of the viral hurricane that is about to sweep over and forever change the world as we have known it to due to the greed, corruption and money power of the Gangsters that killed off the very last virtue of Mao's Dream and to the fact that a demon virus will weed the human herd by up to a billion innocent people by this time next year or so...

I wrote it with much power of common sense reasoning and warning(s) but, I was laughed out of my local Starbucks, told to take my tinfoil hat and my fake news out to the street and dismissed as a kook. I begged to their reason that "just because you can't see the hurricane doesn't mean that it doesn't exist..."

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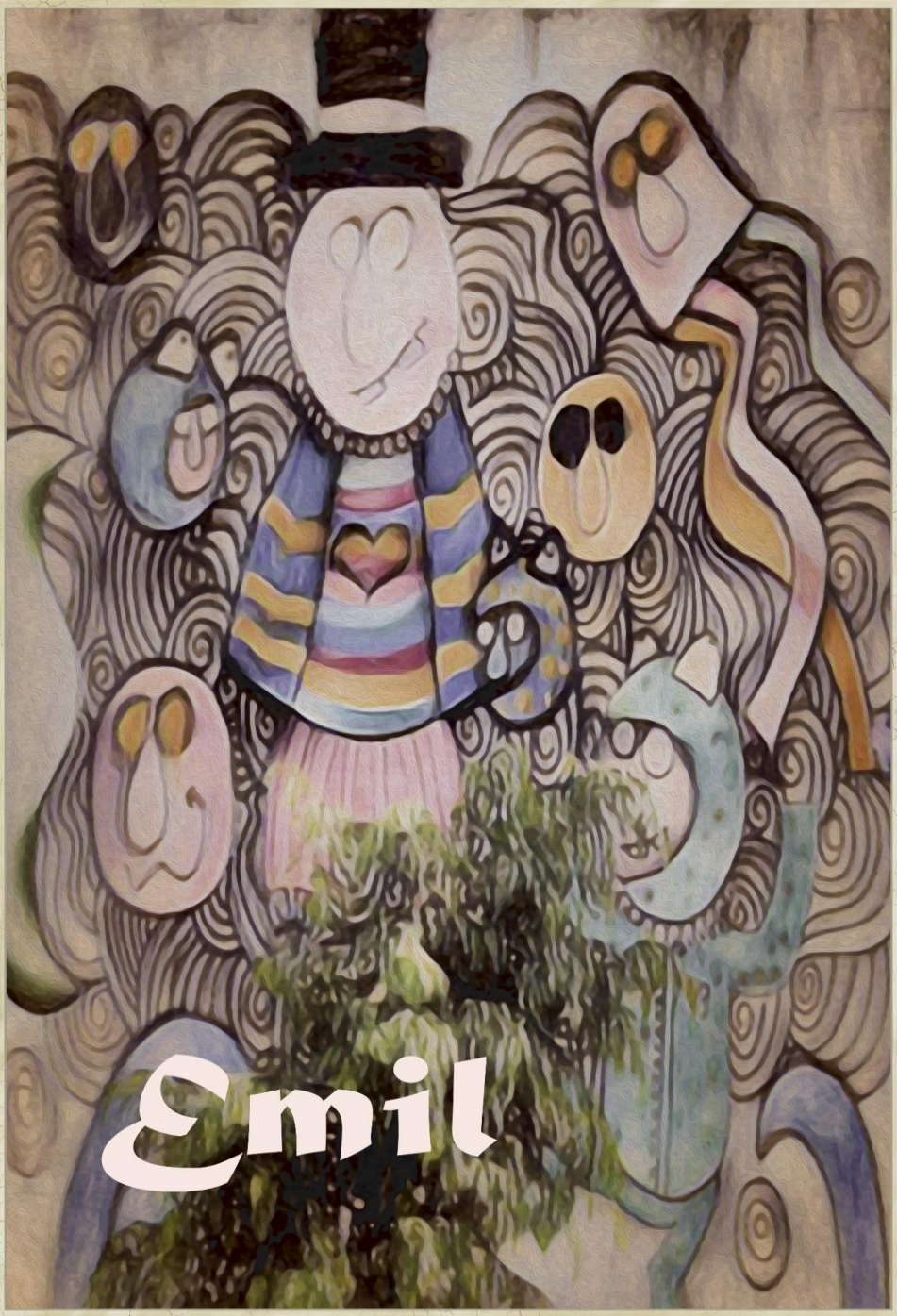

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"AND IF YOU BELIEVE THAT...."

It was if we were on the Titanic and you all were endless chit-chatting about all the things that you were going to do when we docked in New York – even as the cold waters of the Atlantic Ocean nipped and tugged at your ankles...
No one is listening...
No one wanted to believe...
"The Gov't has got this and they will keep us safe..."
Sure, Bubba!
Just like they did in New Orleans???
I pleaded "Don't panic! I am not saying that you need to pack up and head for the hills (mostly because neither would save you from this coming demon plague) ...What I am kindly suggesting is that you pay attention, realize that the gov't is telling you a cruel lie that they got this and prepare yourself with a month's extra food, water and (especially) medicines before the panic sets in like in Korea, Japan and the demon is knocking door-to-door in your neighborhood and all you can think about is "..That @$@%^& Emil was right after all!!!"
Regardless of my best intentions and motives, WWWG still holds onto that fleeting dream of doing business in China and ceruminous burned my manuscript as not to make the Chinese CCP mad... Go figure???

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"AND IF YOU BELIEVE THAT...."

My past book on San Paulo was done back in about 2008 and I thought with all the coming sea changes on the horizon; thought that it might be time to see if Thomas Wolfe was truly correct in that "you can never go home!" Tom's notion has, in general terms, always held true and I have found that it was destructive to venture and tempt that the changes would forever erase even the most deeply held and fondness of remembered memories. But...Who am I...if I am not that rude dog, the destroyer of our treasured illusioned dreams...the hunter of truth-in-marketing and like a total jerk in the art of "I told ya so!" I must admit that when it is my own memories that I subject to this nasty side of my nature; it is not pretty or insightful other than to agree with the vast majority ... "Yes! I am a like a total jerk!"

I should never have come back...as how it is now floods out and completely, it utterly washes away many found memories that I just realized are now gone...wipe clean out of the gray matter of what remains of my aging brain. San Paulo in 2008 was in the middle of an artist explosion and every free wall was brightly coloured in impressive urban street art that was profound and many times just down-right funny...It was well worth the trip to just walk the alleys and byways to take in the great expression of modern, urban art...

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I am the first to tell you that 12-years does make a difference, changes both little and humongous; there is much to digest...much to filter...and it may well take a great deal of time to come to grasp with.

My first little house out in a furlong barrio on what had been the edge of San Paulo...I had for 12-years held it 's vision close to the deepest recesses of my heart as a nice house in a quite working class neighborhood where there was an air of friendliness and inclusion regardless who where you once came or even, whoever you might have been before you got there.

I remember the old man telling me as we played cards at the little coffeeshop down on the corner (next to the bus stop) ...

"Only the NOW matters, son! It is who you are NOW and what you do NOW that matters to us!"

It was true! They were all good to their word!

No one cared as they said ...

"We all have a past but my friend, that is just that...it was in the past! Forget that and let's move on..."

I felt so at home that I would tell people that this was my home whenever I was asked by outsiders

"Where ya from, Bubba?"

This was home and we all were connected by the NOW...

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That was then and now 12-years has brought many not necessarily good changes to both my little home, the community and all of its former denizens were scattered to the four-winds as the building boom stripped the surrounding hillsides into luxurious condos, gated pleasure dome communities of the rich and maybe, famous too.
My former home was now part of a condo parking garage and the rent-a-cops urged me to just keep on moving on...
"You don't belong here, friend...Move along NOW!"
Nothing remained even in the purest interest of history of the community...I guess there is still a distorted truth of what my neighbors and friends once taught me about the need to live in the NOW...
The NOW here belonged to a different cut of people who were concerned, they were consumed by knowing who you are, what you have done and as the rent-a-cops (at the garage) explained...
"It is an indication of what you will do and allow us the time to determine in how to deal with you!"
The once fabulous, urban murals are faded, tattered or just plain gone in this new authoritian age of corporate San Paulo who has left the great urban art to rust or be painted over by the bland, conservative colors that reflect better their new NOW...I shed a tear at their passing!

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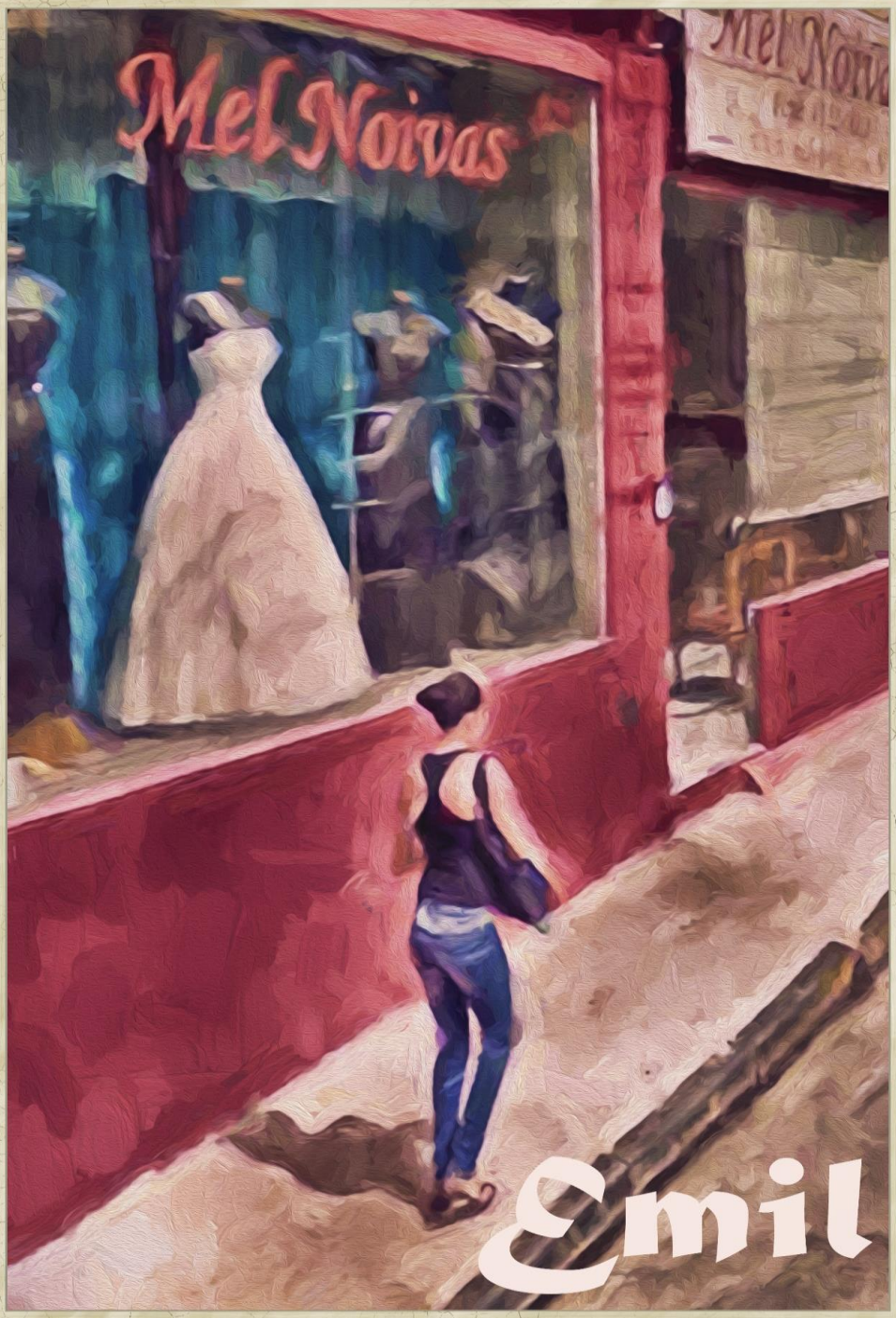

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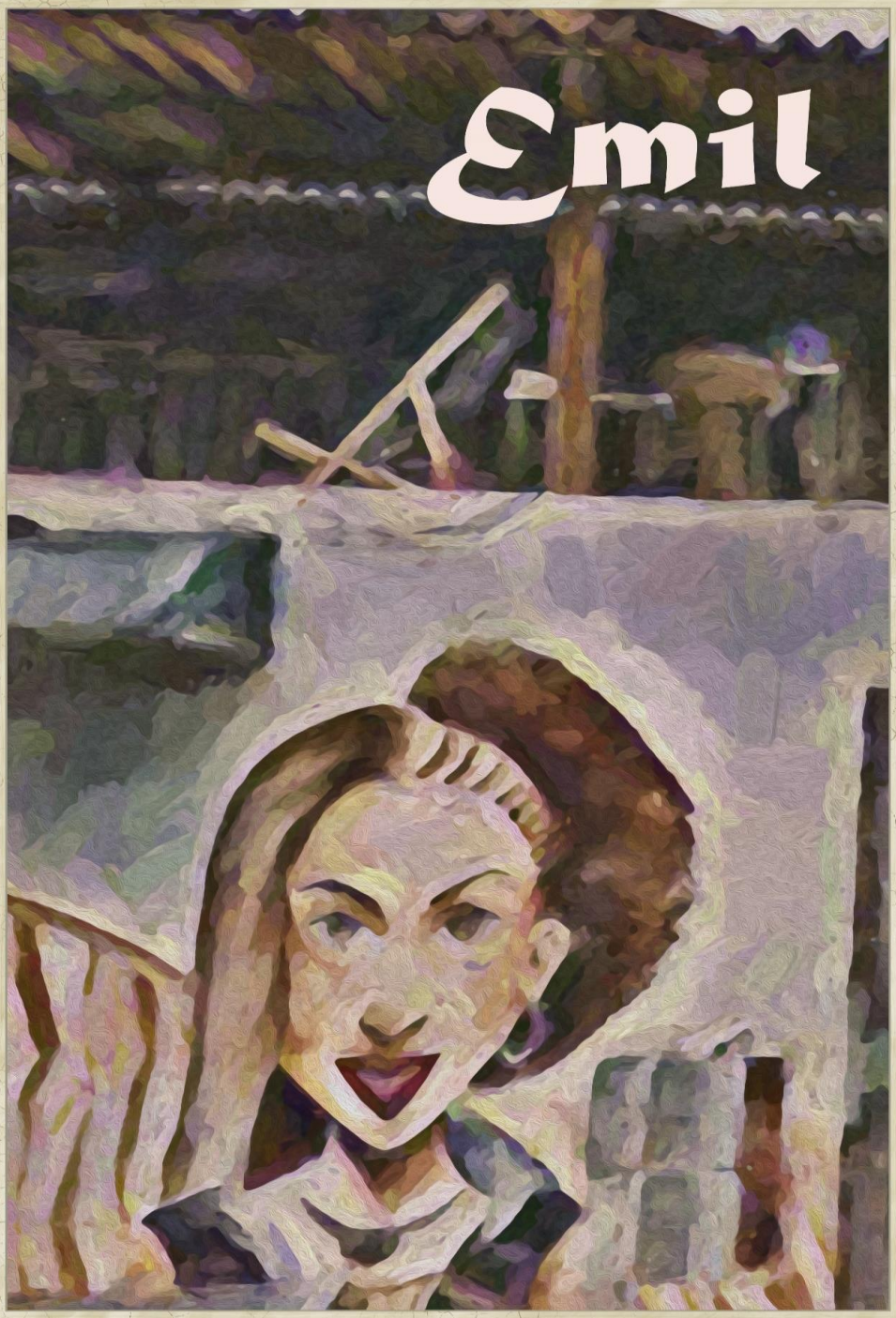

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Emil

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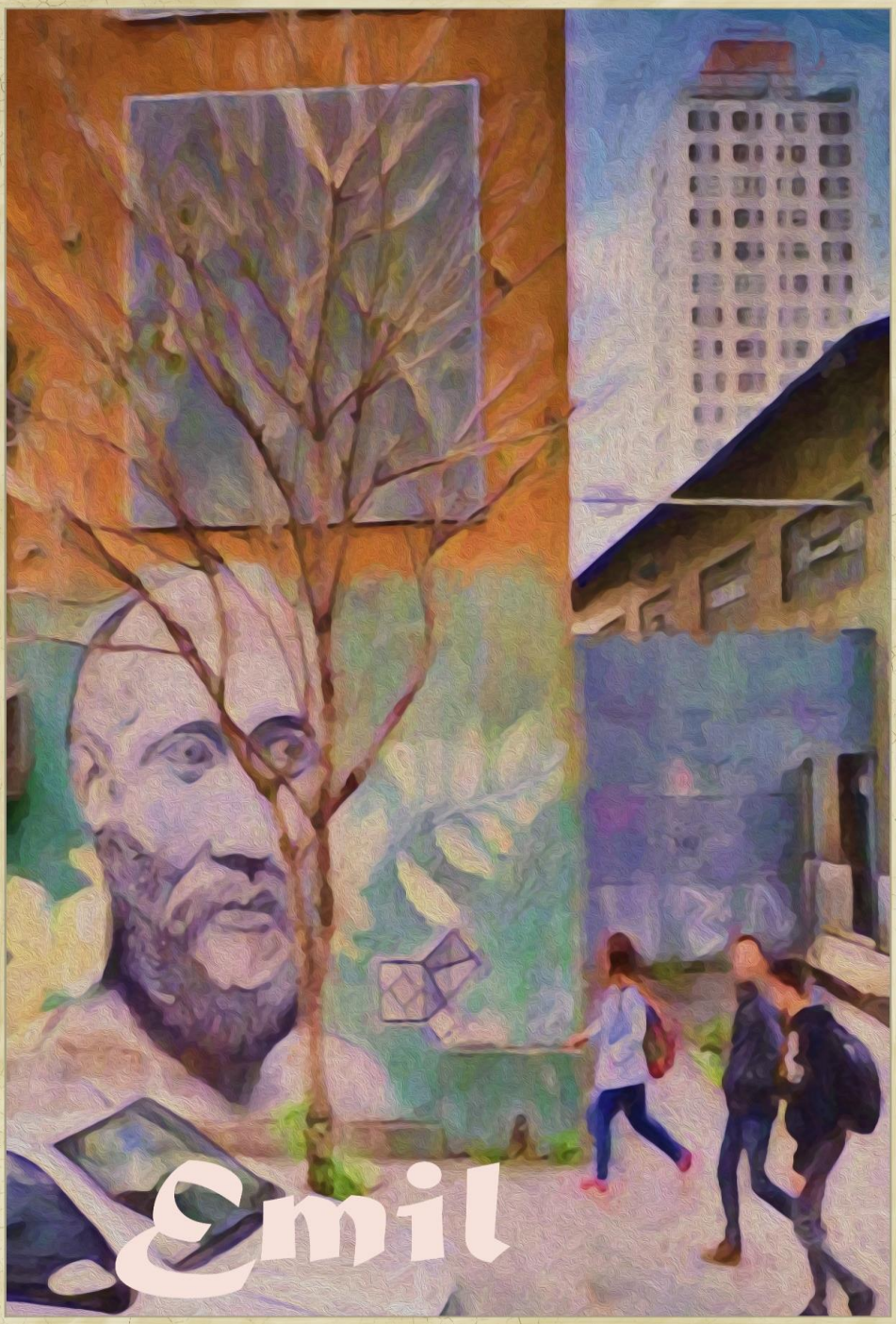

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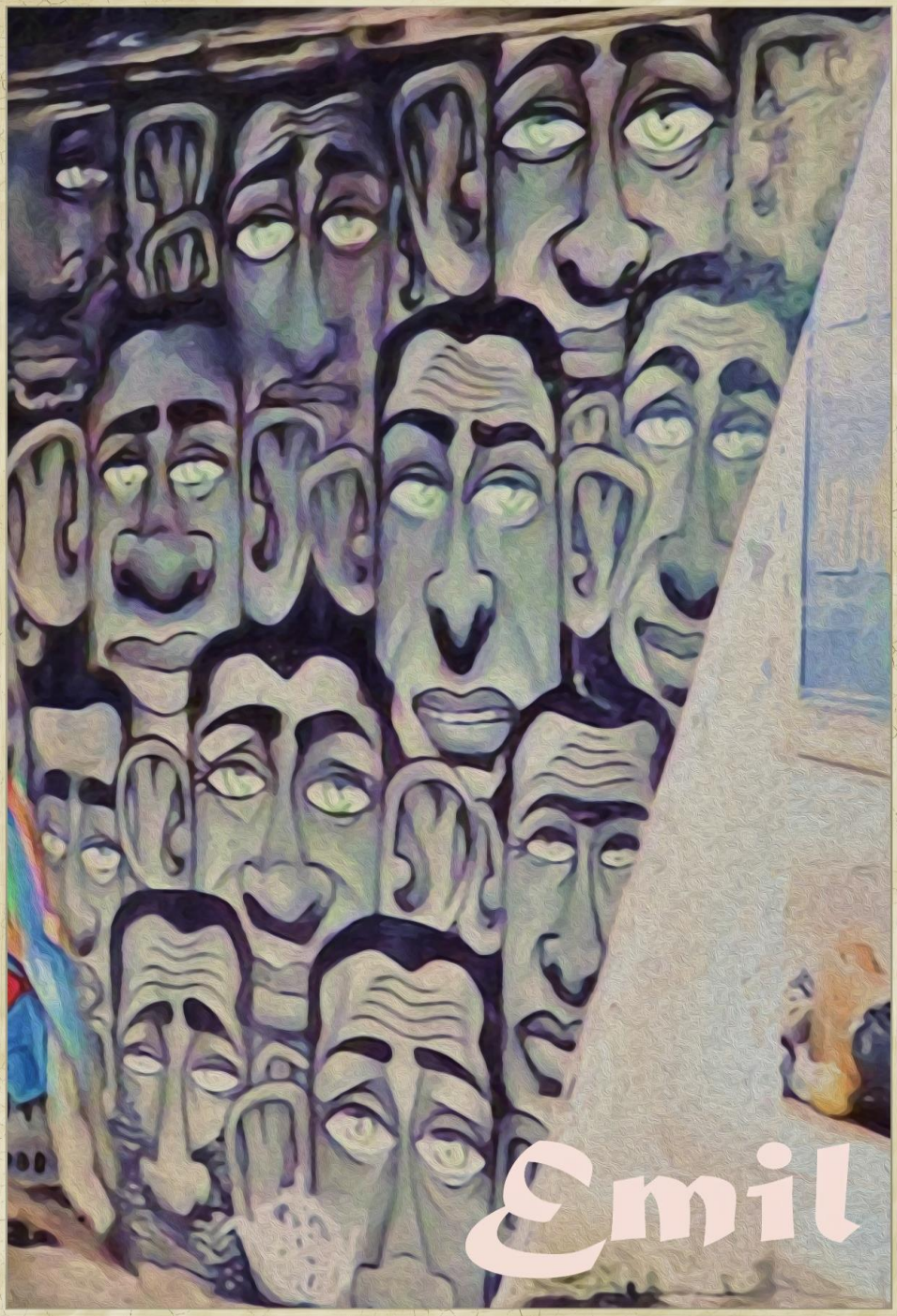

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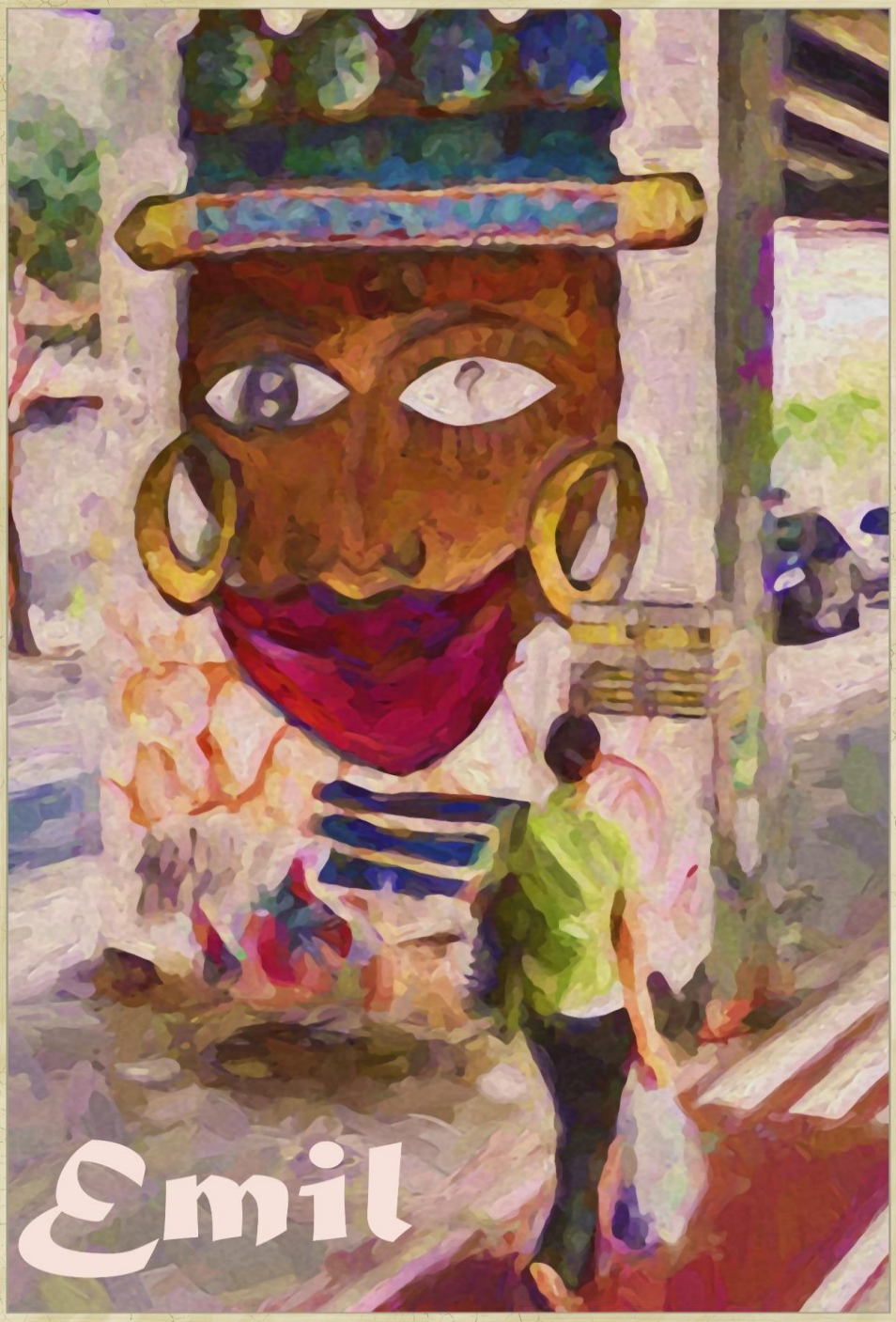

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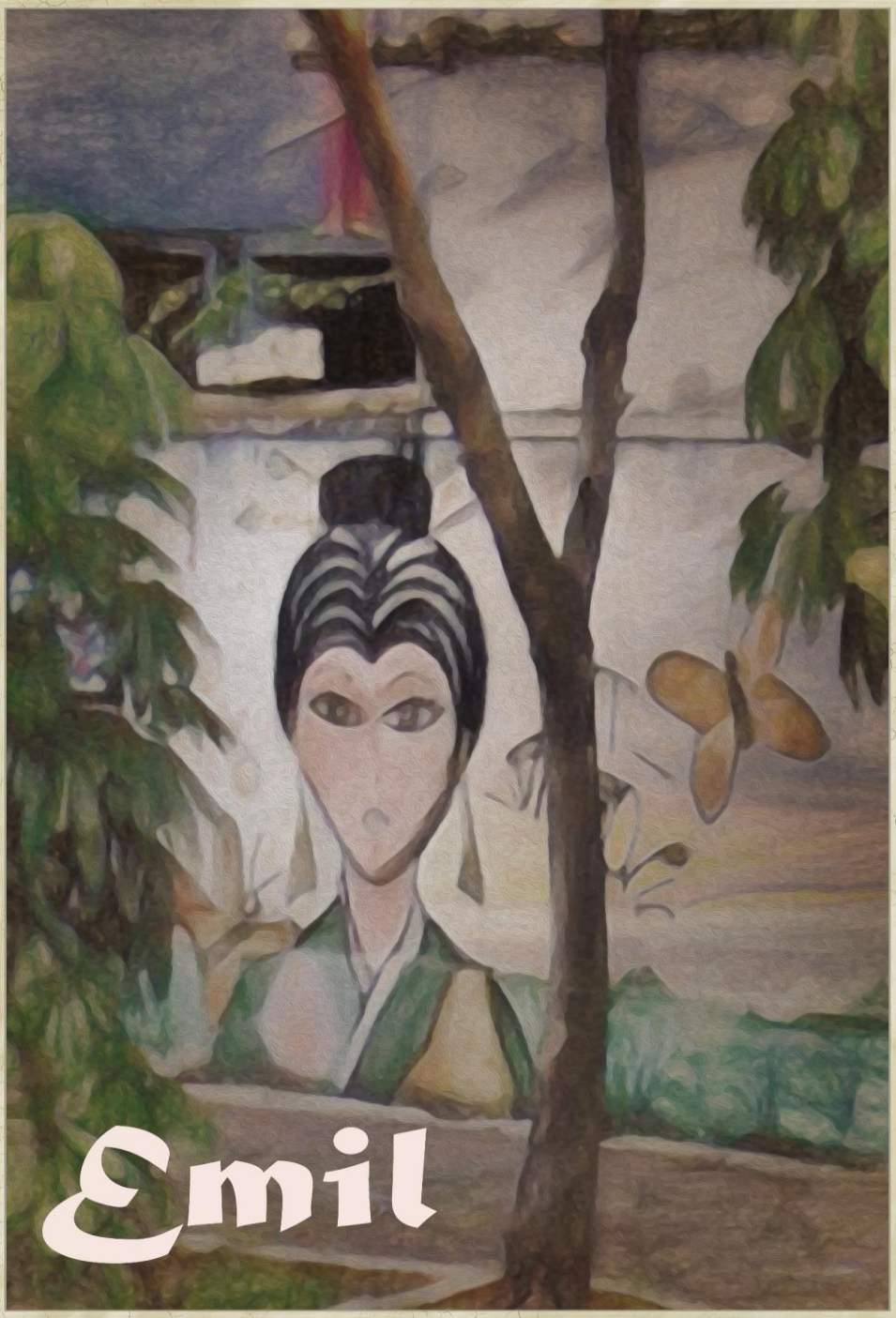

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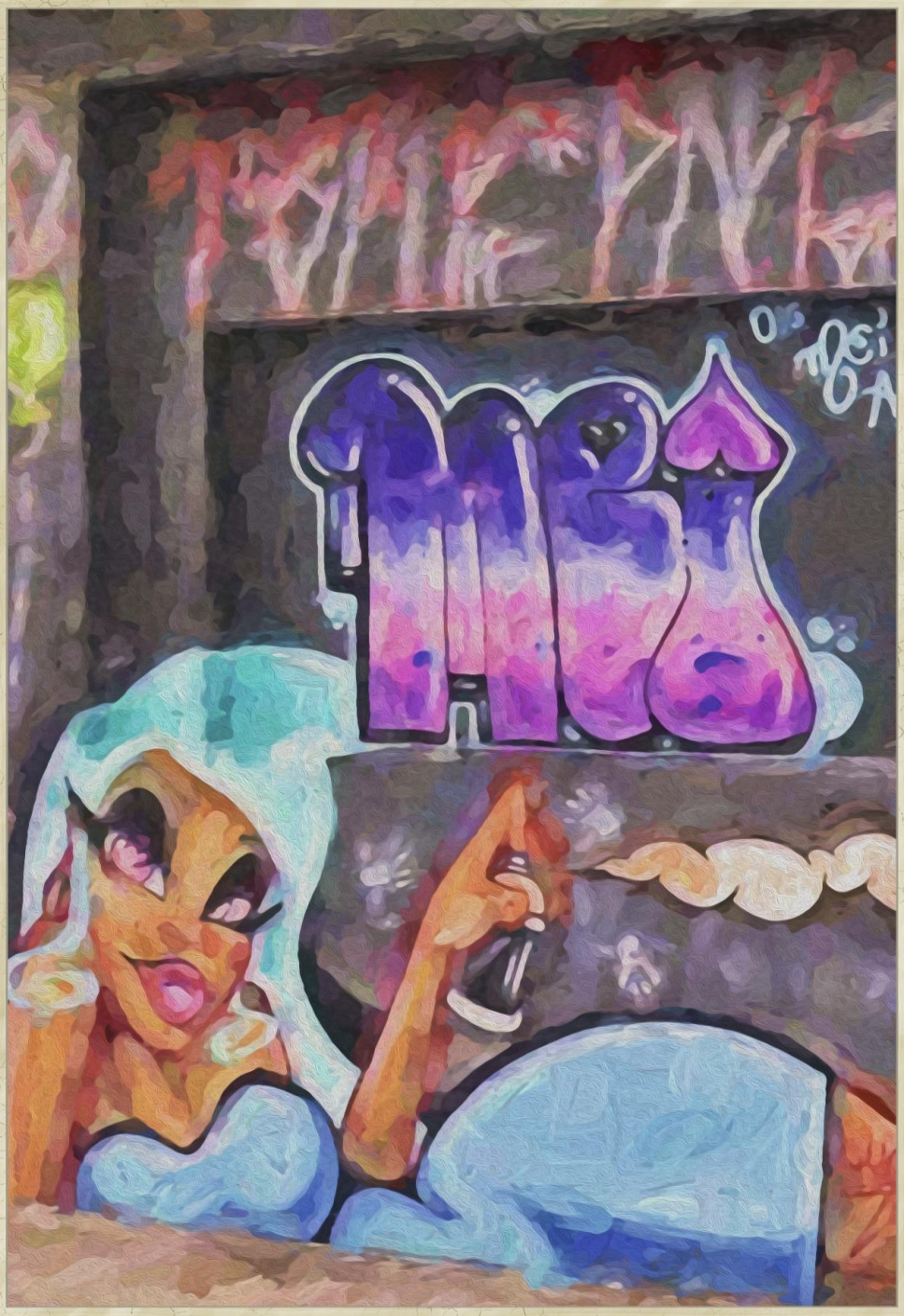

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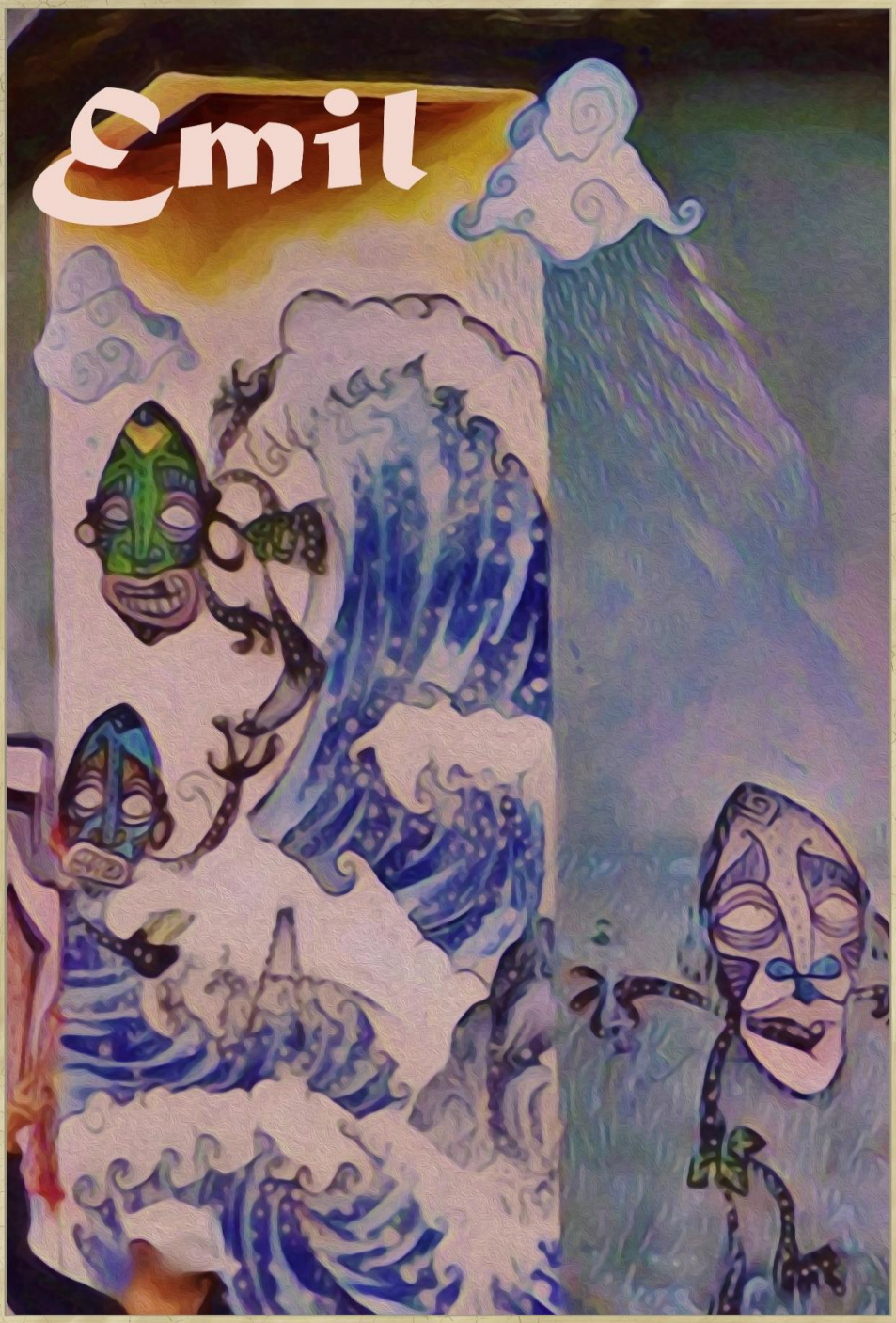

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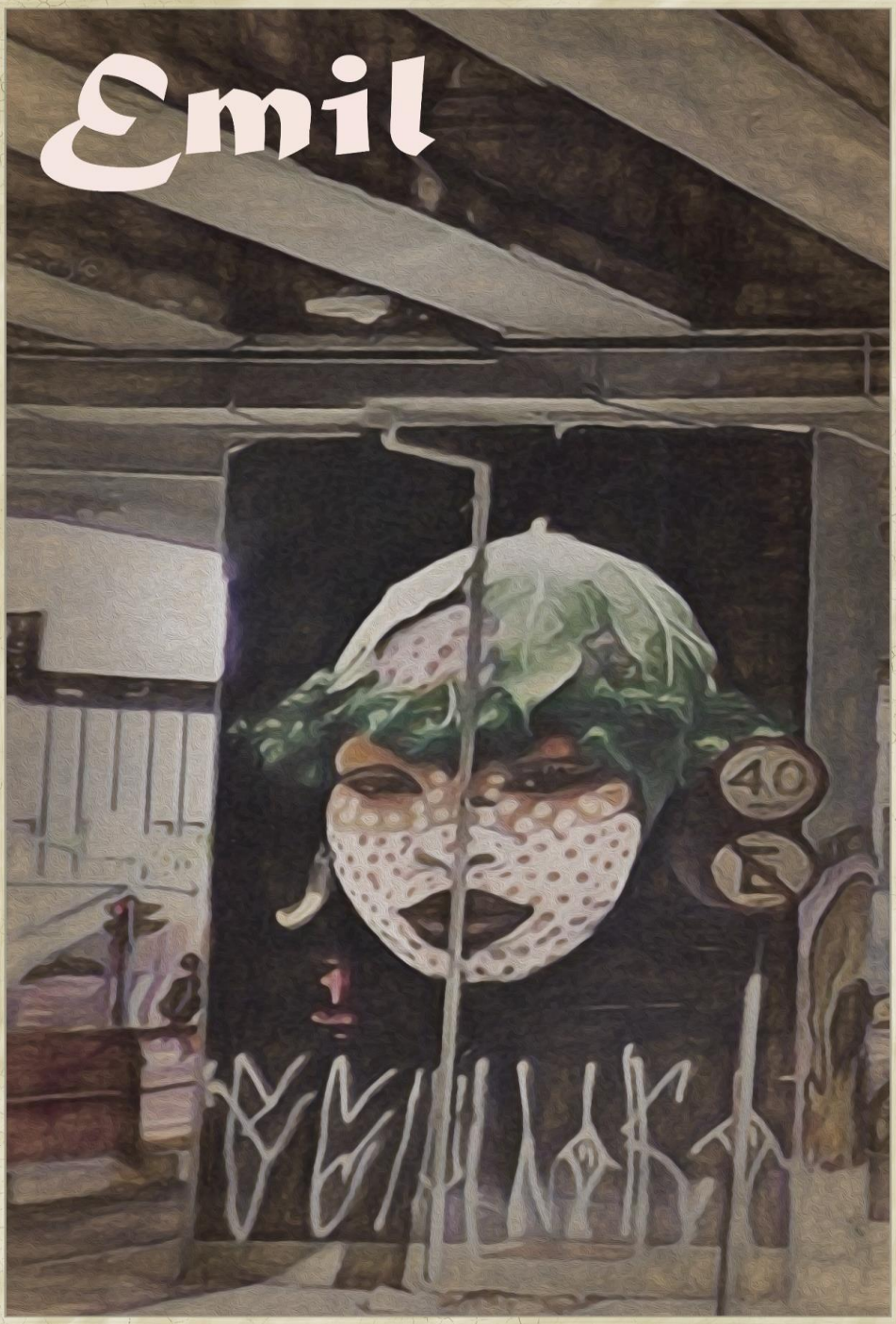

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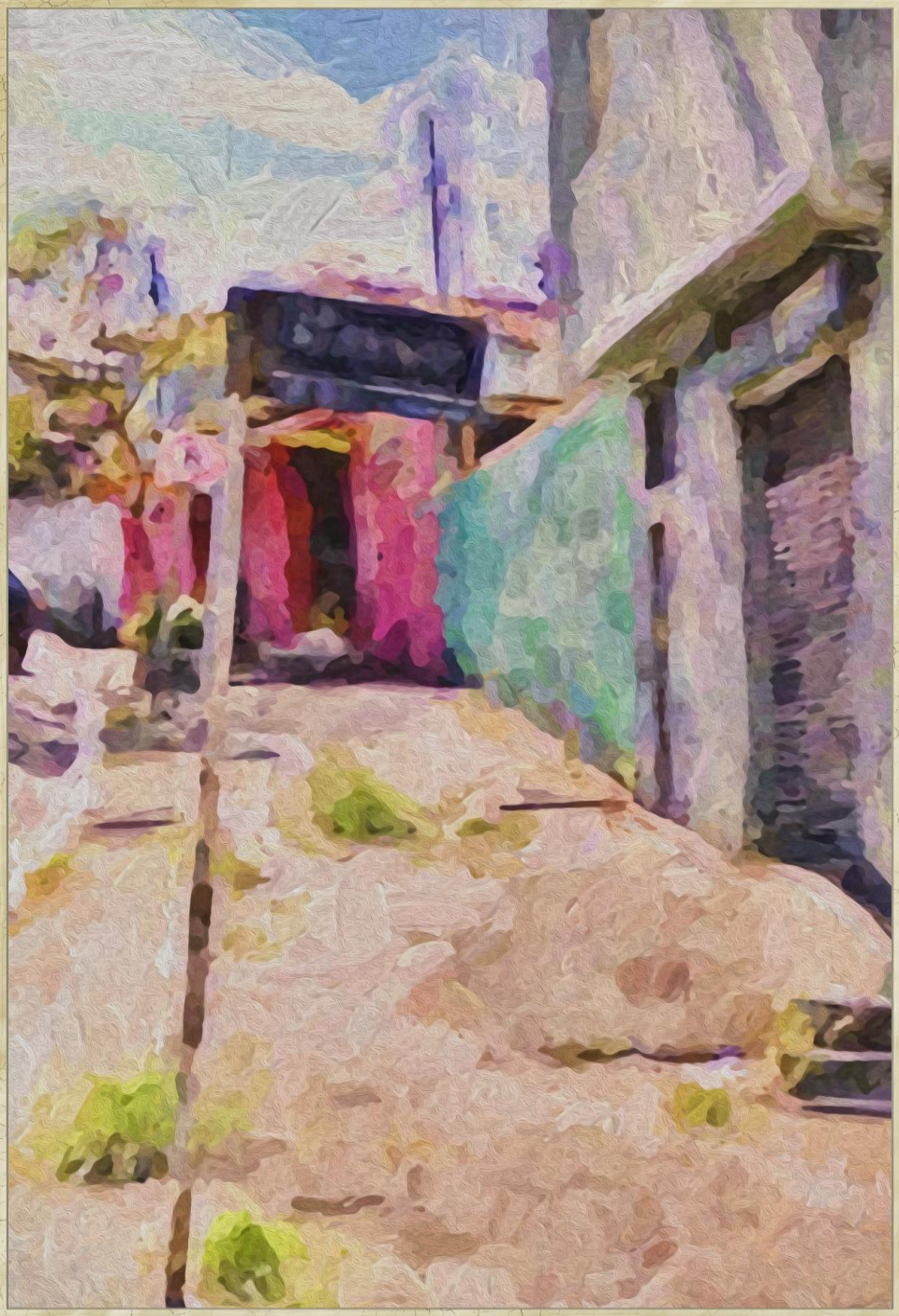

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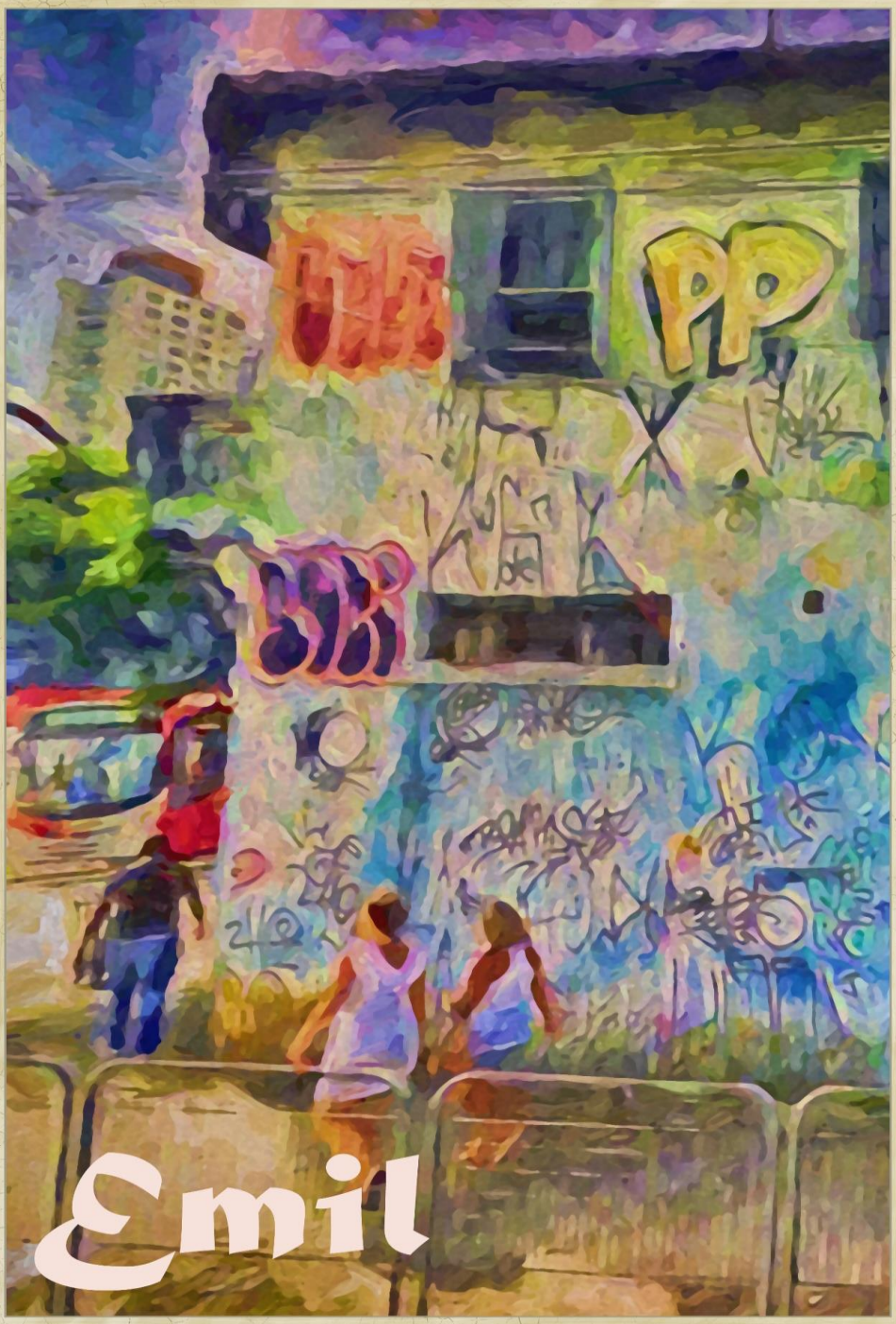

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LOOKING OUT OF MY WINDOW

We were coming back for a short hop to San Paulo and we were flying back to a beautifully lit Rio twilight...
I was riding in the shotgun seat on this ancient, piper cub running only on a single cylinder and the sheer willpower of the loudly cursing pilot...all the while he was equally beseeching divine intervention in every alternate breathe...
Luckily most of his urgent conversation was lost on me as my Portuguese is really bad and thankfully, I was able to focus on getting the shot…with my trusty Nikon F4s.
Needlessly to mention…assumed you already figured...
We did make it down to the ground by means of a rough landing on an almost deserted, beach front street…

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"RIO DON"T YA KNOWA???"

I have never been a real fan of Rio as it always seemed so touristy and seemed to lack the hospitality, friendliness and acceptability of my San Paulo.
Forgive me...
I am jaded and spoiled by San Paulo's sense of its layed back lifestyle.
I forget that most of you are tourists and the fast pace of the hustle of people, traffic and of the swiftness in which the locals can extract your money from ya is why you came.
Some older people come after watching Bing and Bob's "Road to Rio" and are sadden to fine a 21st century town that rivals everywhere except Shanghai...
They leave disappointed about the wreckage of a dream that they built for themselves over maybe a generation...
Or if its Carnival Days, then they usually leave with a nasty social disease or two...three?
ONLY THEIR DOCTORS back home will ever know...
But as a civic reminded to all medical professionals who have not read "World War Z" it all started here!
Our own trip of went sideways because we needed Carmen San Diego (or even Dora the Explorer would have been nice) but, by chance we brought Carmen...
NO!

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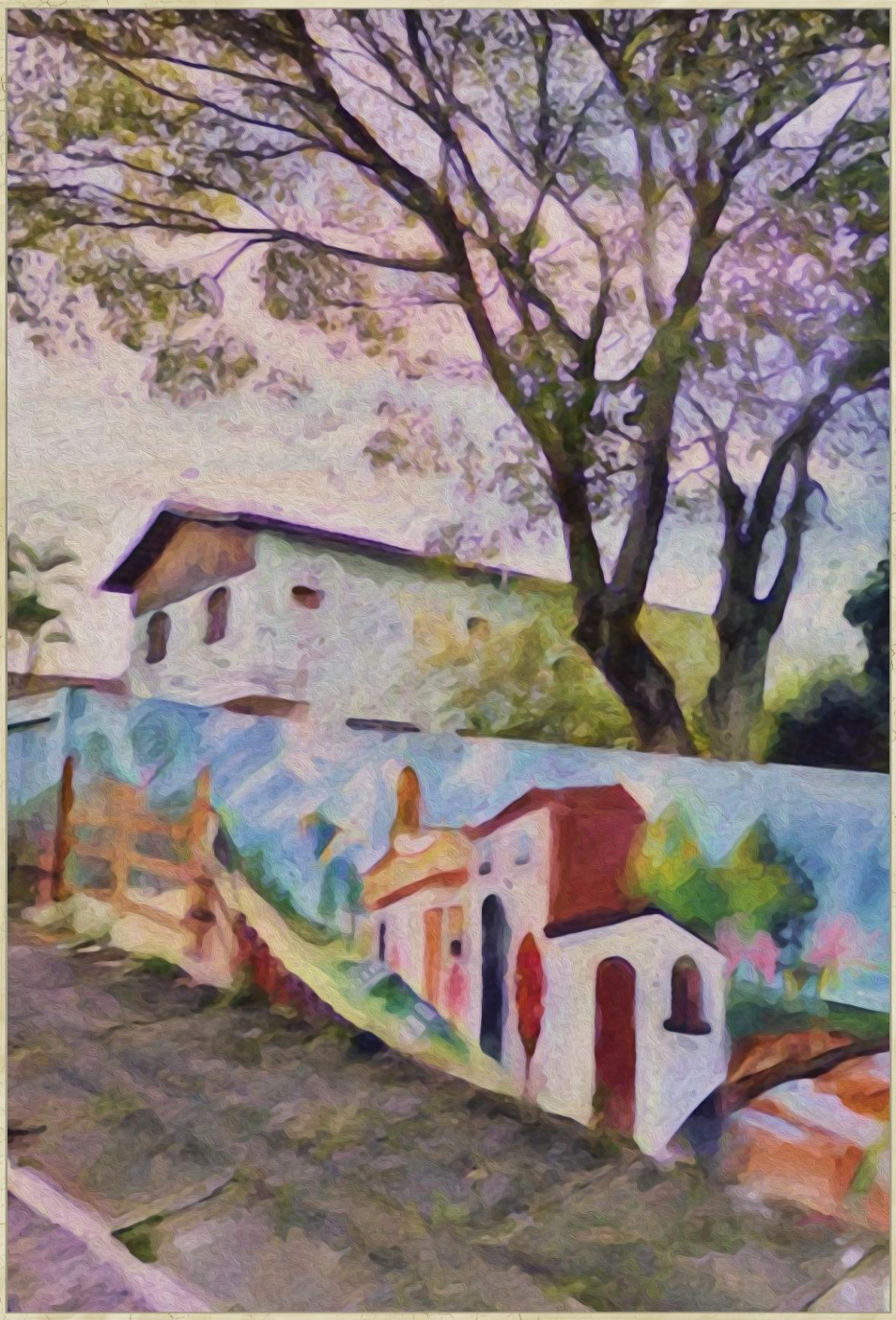

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"RIO DON"T YA KNOWA???"

I only could have wish that it was Carmen Miranda, at least, we would have been free to dance with fruit in our hair...instead we got her cousin...who started before we even left San Paulo in demanding her "Miranda Rights" - The right to do only what she wanted to do, to announce every five minutes that she needed to return to the hotel to use the restroom and most importantly...her right to shop non-stop as she force marched our little group through every shopping district in Rio.

Day two we successful ditched her in the mall bathroom. Sadly, all the pictures we took were from the first day... I will just say...ya should have been here on our day out... PSSSS!... "It has be rumored to be the script for the new Hangover 4 movie..." or so that is what I told the bartender when I realized how short on funds I was and after hearing that...like, it was like some kind of magic! Well Campers! Real, pure Voodoo Magic!

We didn't need to pay for another drink all night long.

Anyway...the finished product is urban, city photography that I really like these days...real life captured...and there are sometimes truly amazing scenes off from the main camera's focus...

Hope you enjoy...Hope Day Trip Tours will earn enough money to let me quit my zombie, daily gig and live this life full time before I die...I know...ya...ya...dream on!

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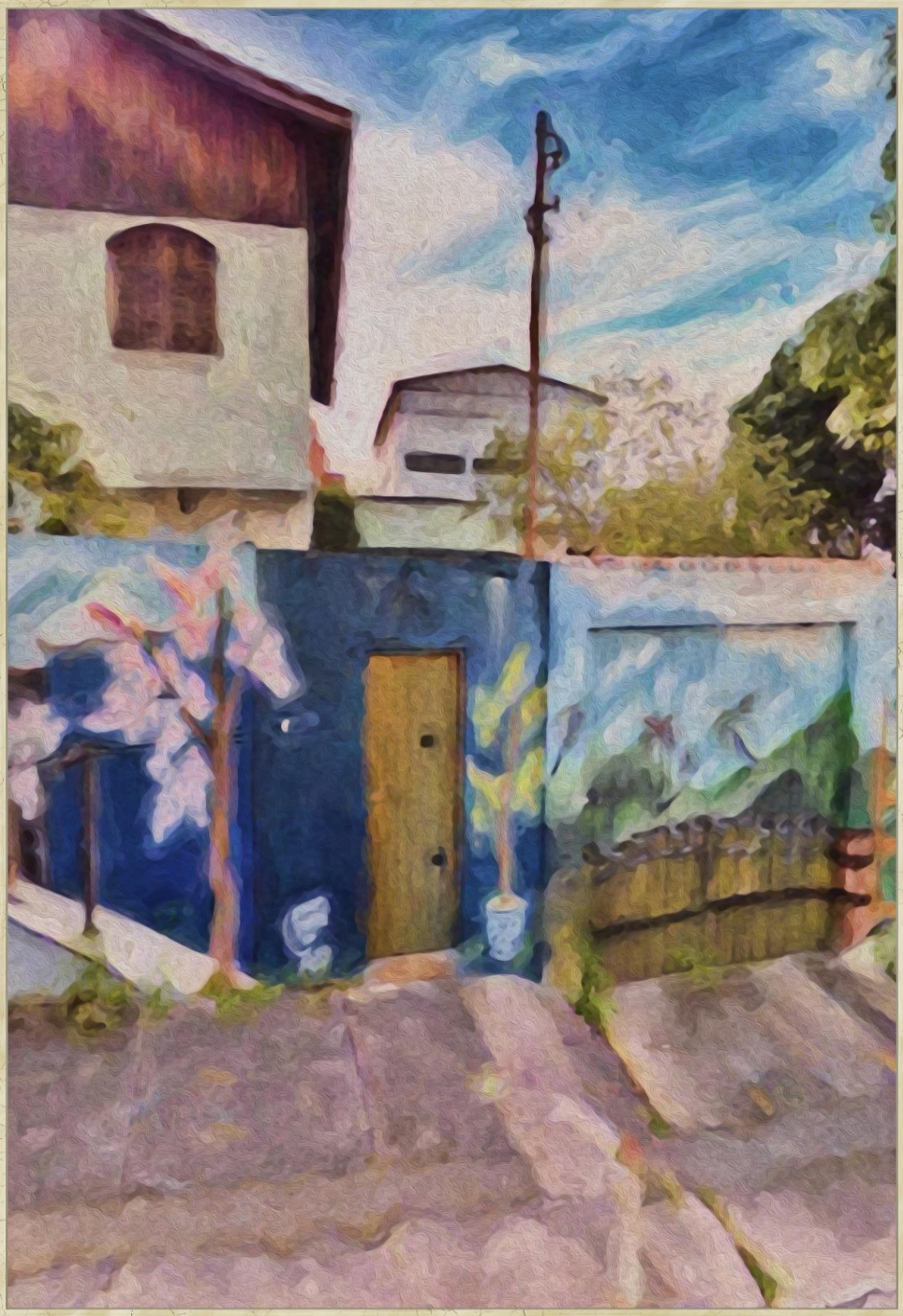

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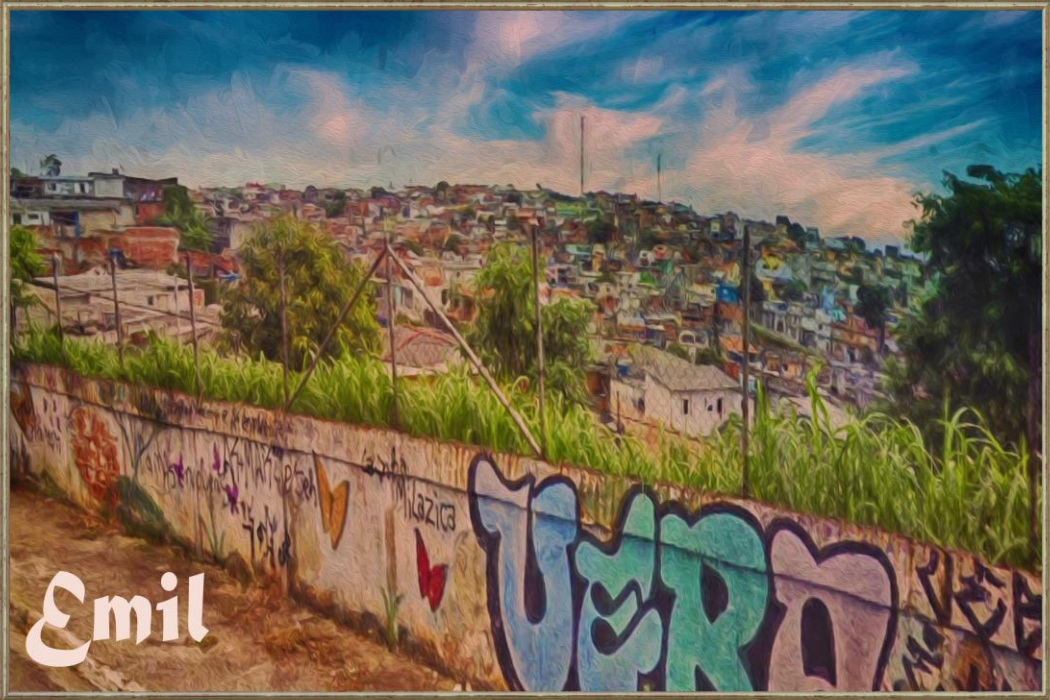

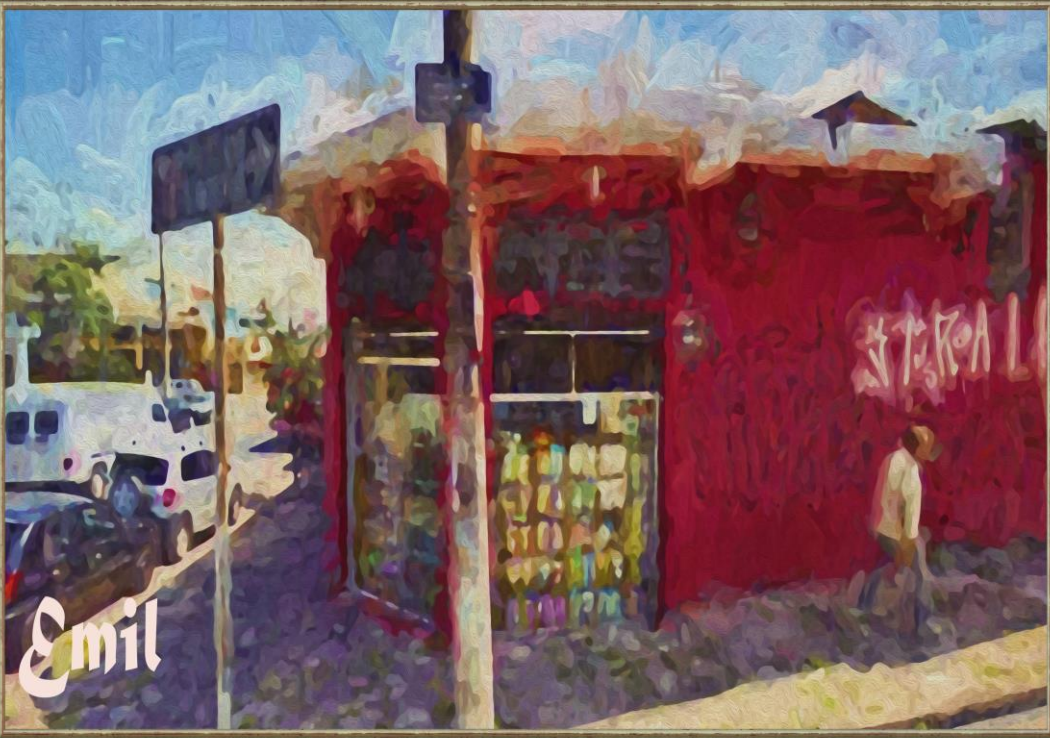

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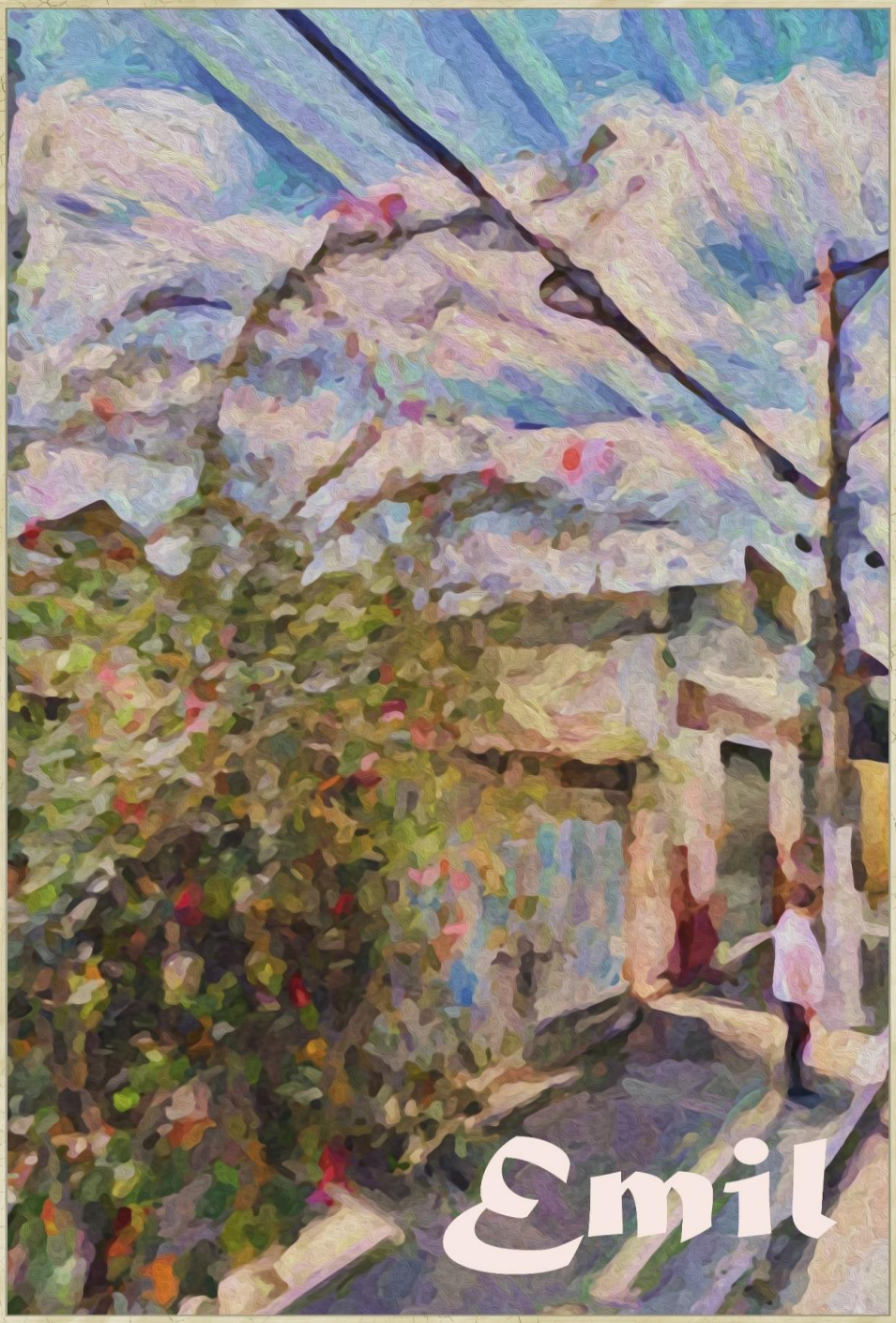

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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

It was ever so, like it was so utterly clear; there it was right in front of us all the time...all of our conversations have become so unraveled and disjointed to the point that I felt that we were communicated important thoughts and feelings in separate language with subtitles written in some strange Mongolian Dialect.

There was no sense hiding it, all of the lingering, the fractured conversations in which we, I believe, we tried our best to master the art of tapdancing around the 800 pound gorilla of painful truth that occasionally smiled and offered up a nod of agreement as we worked our way past the reality that going forward...our paths were set to diverge and I was really sadden by having to admit that there was to be no more me and no more you...wondering how I could every grow to accept all of this as true.

I had over the past week or so, I truly tried my best in a final, one last ditch attempts...my last salvage run... attempting to reverse our course, to turn us away from the rocky shores and so, I bought you a puppy.

Standing out here in the ruins, straining to see the red sun disappearing amongst all of these assembled, the gathered, the out stretched

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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

collection of ancient headstones speaking to me in any number of lost languages that whispered rumours about entire lifetimes that are only now remember by the cryptic dates written on either edge of the deeply etched, a dividing dash line...
Here, right below me lays abandoned love ones and dreams buried under these finely polished, marble testaments and in all of my distorted and dysfunction state of mind, this did seem a proper setting for sorting out what seemed to be the tattered remains...what had been and I now seemed to be caught in this endless loop of "just how our relationship had slipped so easily away?"
In such moments, in times of such these highly fraught, in the sheer emotion trauma of the moment; there is no time for reflection or to sit about and debate in reasonable tones regarding the truth(s) while you feel your humanity draining away mixed with panic, having to face the unknown future all by yourself as anger eats slowly at your fragile soul by being abandoned without the opportunity, the civil right for any recourse or litigated defense.
I know that this sound rather stupid but when you are 25-years-old and a stranger to having been in any kind of actual, a real relationship; this can/does

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"I'M JUST IN A TATTERED REMAINS..."

have a lasting effect on you.
This can rather warp your mind and led to you openingly hanging out in the local grave yard...
"Window shopping Bubba?"
"Looking to buy or just need a timeshare...???"
"Here is a brochure and please take a glance over at our monthly special...not a bad deal...it ain't like you can take it with you...can ya?"
"Want a calendar too...? It is a pinup edition...have a look at Ms. Casket for November...Hubba-Hubba {wink-wink} ...Like to get buried with that gal... don't ya agree???"
I nodded and explained that I was unemployed (I lied) and the guy lost instant interest and was off the yet another grave site and another potential, future resident of "Shady Hallow."
Where was I...?
OH yea! I was lost in some deep, meaningless, metaphysical ramble because how my girl friend told me that she would rather go back to her old boyfriend who beat her instead of spending yet another day with "a goofy, loser without a clue in how to deal with people."
So, I bought her a puppy in a vane attempt and now, it does sound like a rather absurd thought

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that if we shared a puppy then, we would need to work out our relationship if only for the sake of the puppy...
"For the puppy...If nothing else..."
Again, at 25-years-old, that was a rather responsible plan and had I not be raised by wolves, I might have made it work...
I assume you realize what I couldn't at that point in my sojourn; that was an idiot reaction to what should have been "Shake it off! Walk on!"
I get it now but, for many years, I didn't and if I could have afforded therapy (which luckily, I couldn't); I could have wasted a fortune dealing with what elected me to write the first part of this long-winded tale of lost love...
WHATZ?
How rude, Bubba!
What do you mean that this has nothing to do with love but, you are saying...it is all about my ego and having lost...?
You know...
This is the last time I share and open my heart!
What I didn't tell everyone was that your framed picture still remained propped up over on the side counter (there by the door), shining and glittering

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in the morning's reflective rays, filtered through the dirty glass of the dawn facing window, chairs overturned, crème de mint spilled and spread by an endless series of paced footsteps and now covering most if not all of the rug and wood floor... Shuttered, I begged...

"I'm still (somewhat) in self-denial, hidden away in the soft, remembering of the sad tones to our whispers, spilling out and covering the room much in the same way as the crème de mint, whatever remained, there was nothing worth salvage, in the whole picture and in the lot of our personal collapse, had there be a salvage it would have needed to be priced for quick, a rushed and hurried fire sale, leave nothing hanging, take down all the shelves, turn off the lights, close the doors and test the lock before our final departure with the military containment team..."

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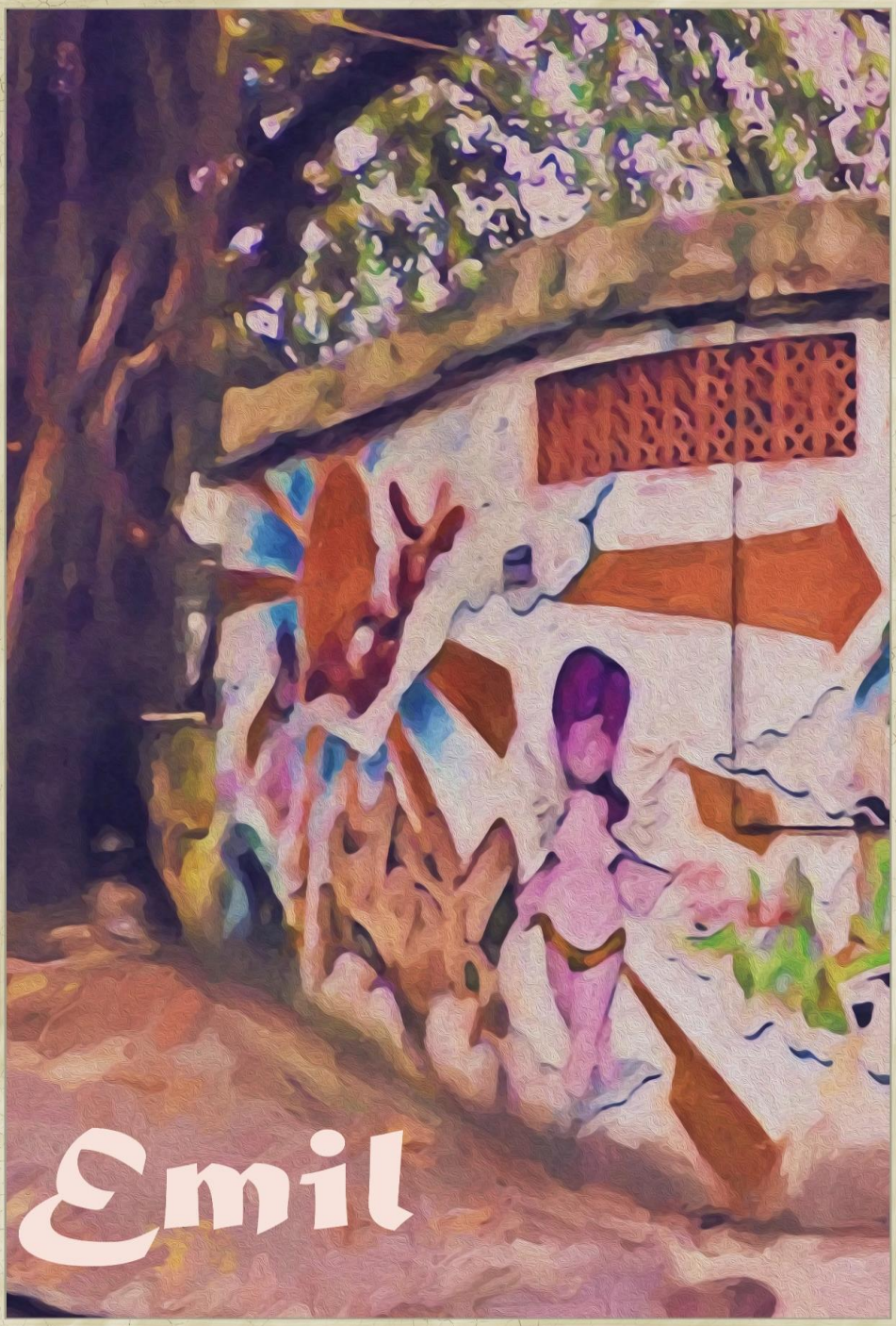

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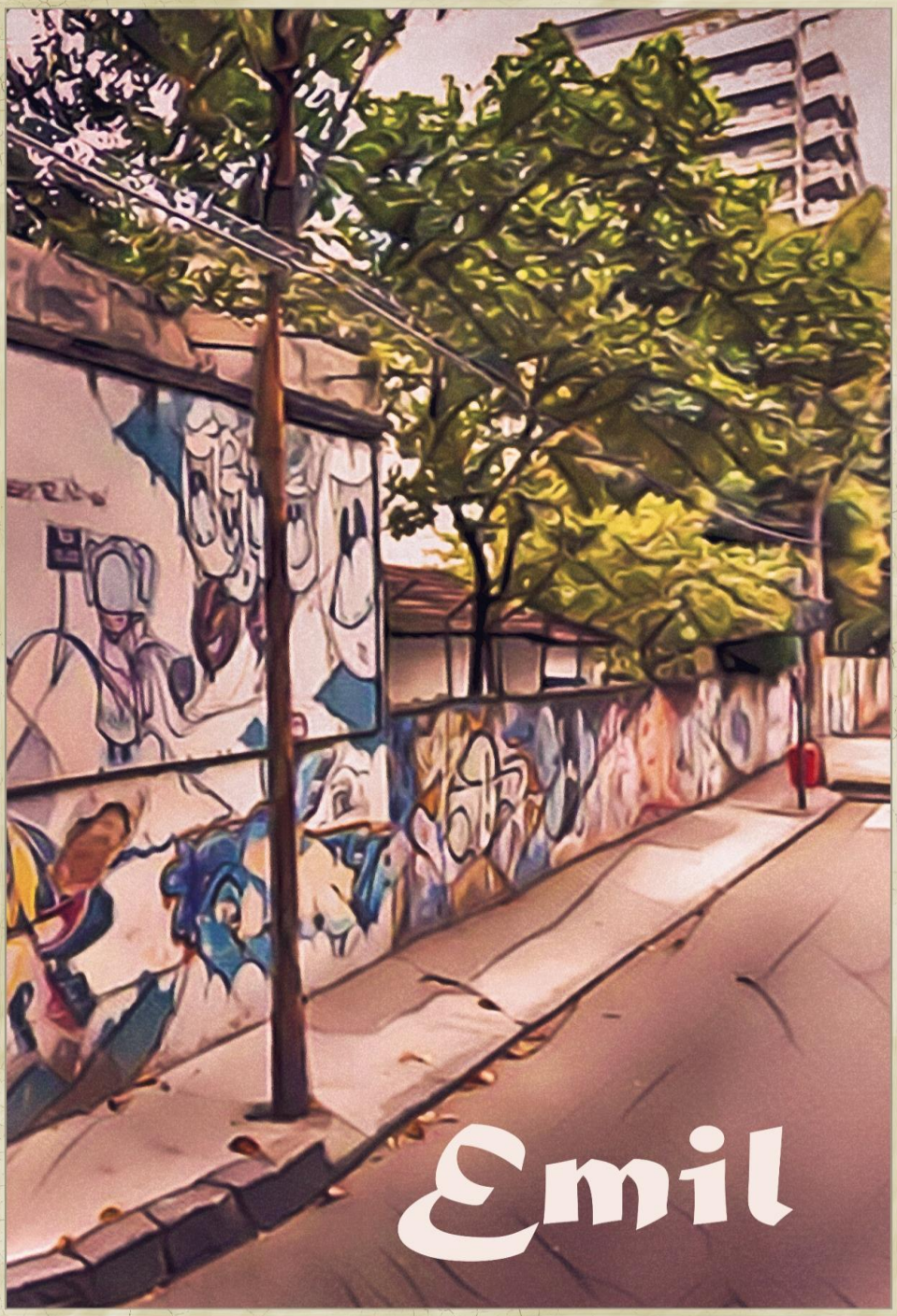

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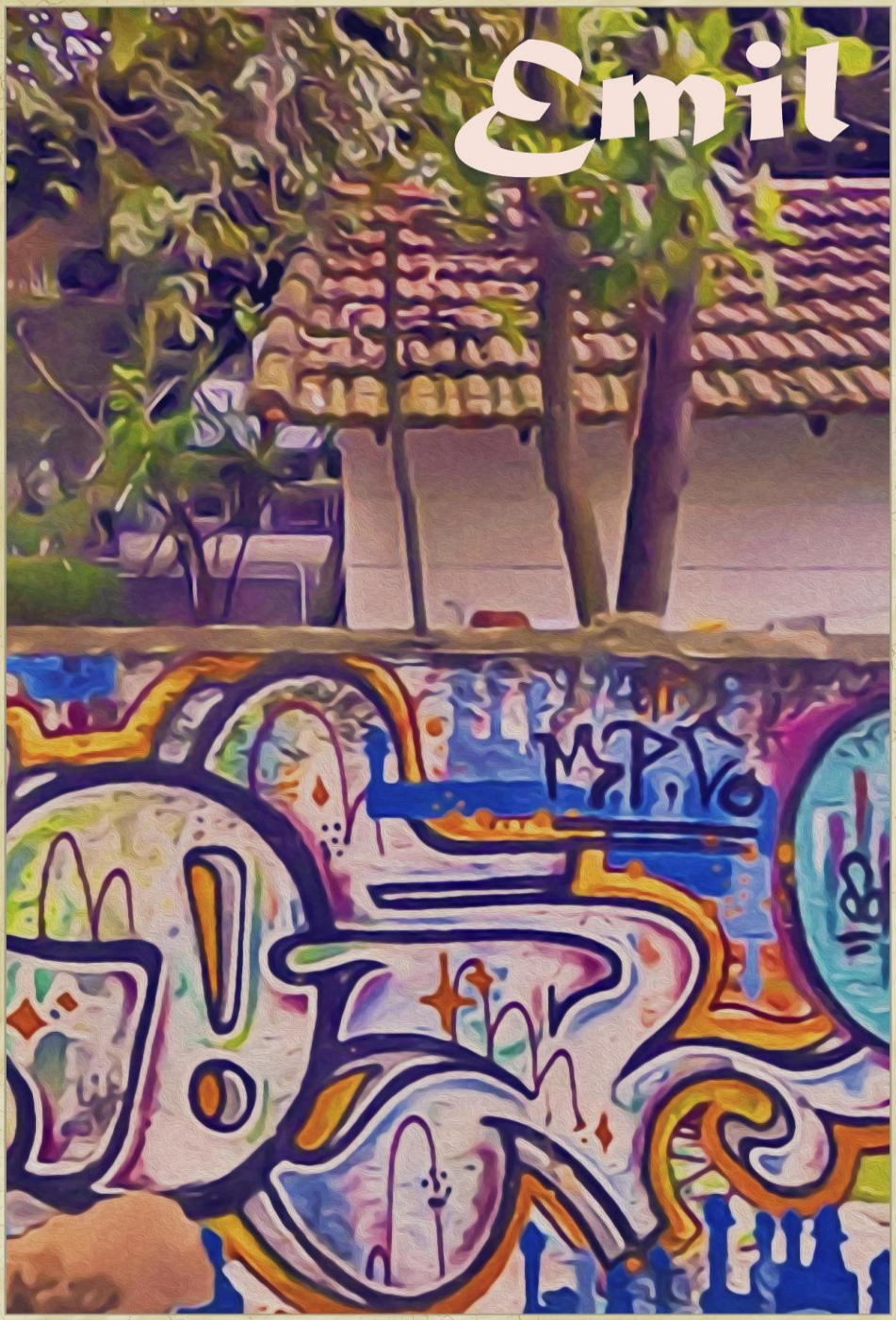

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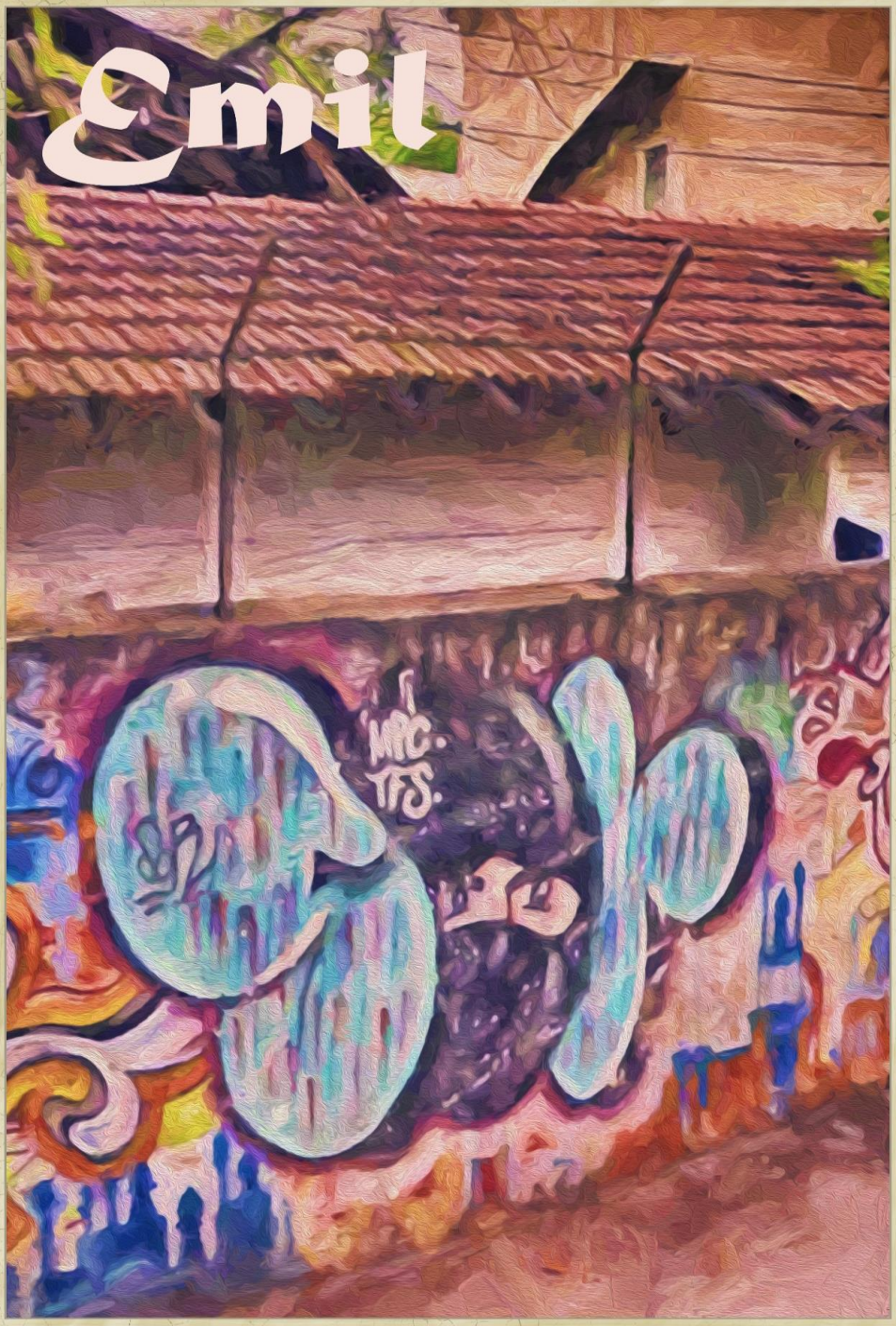

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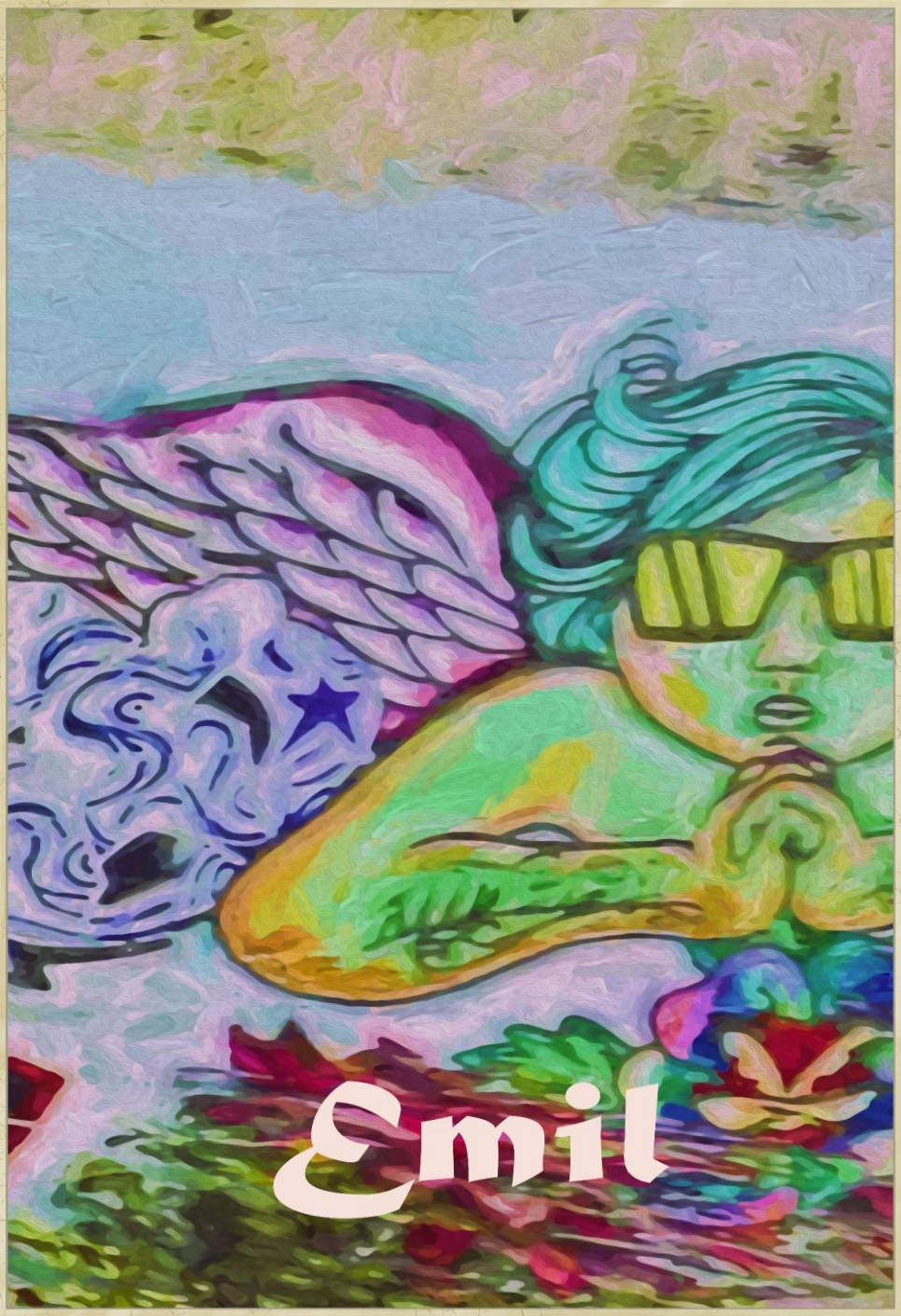

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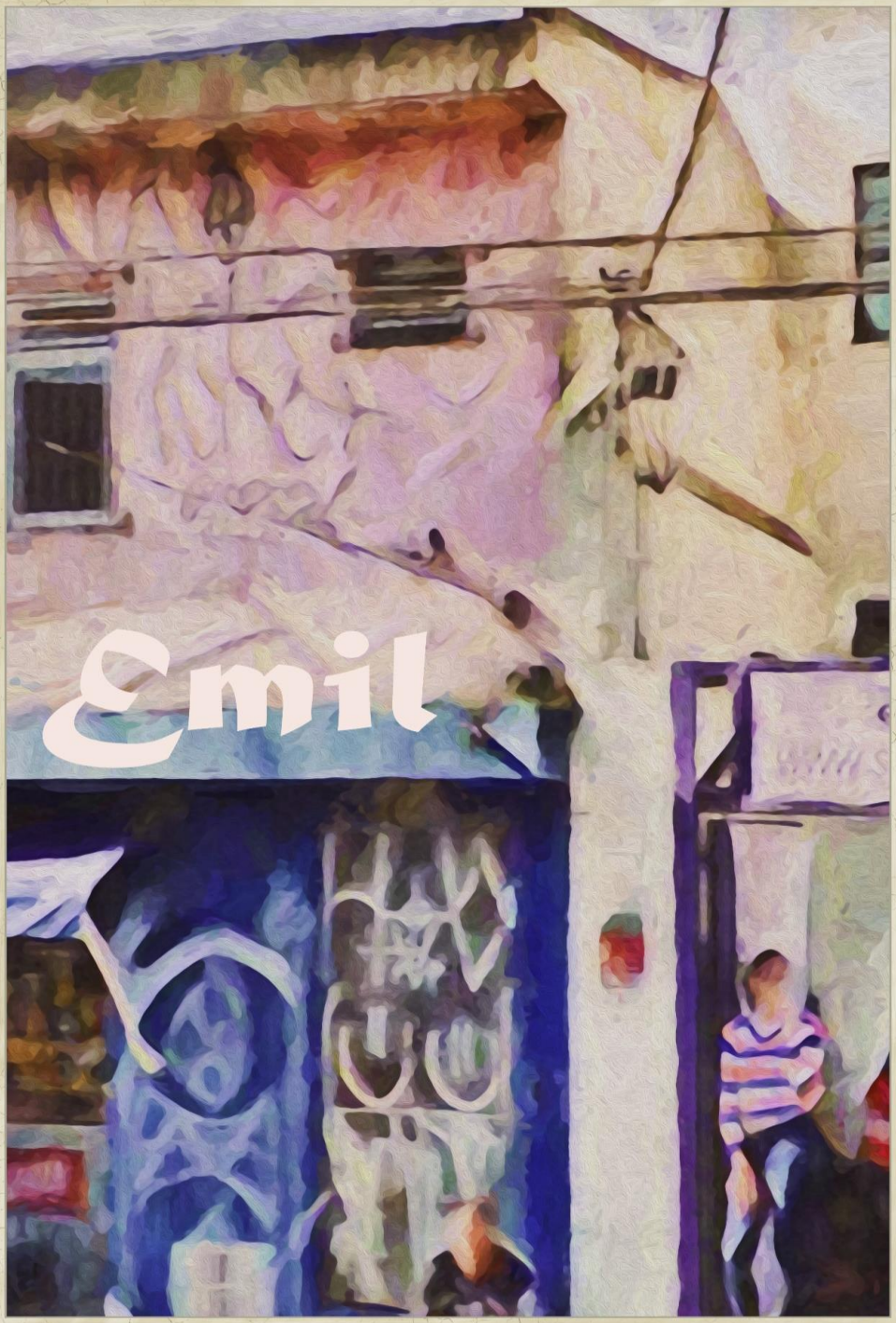

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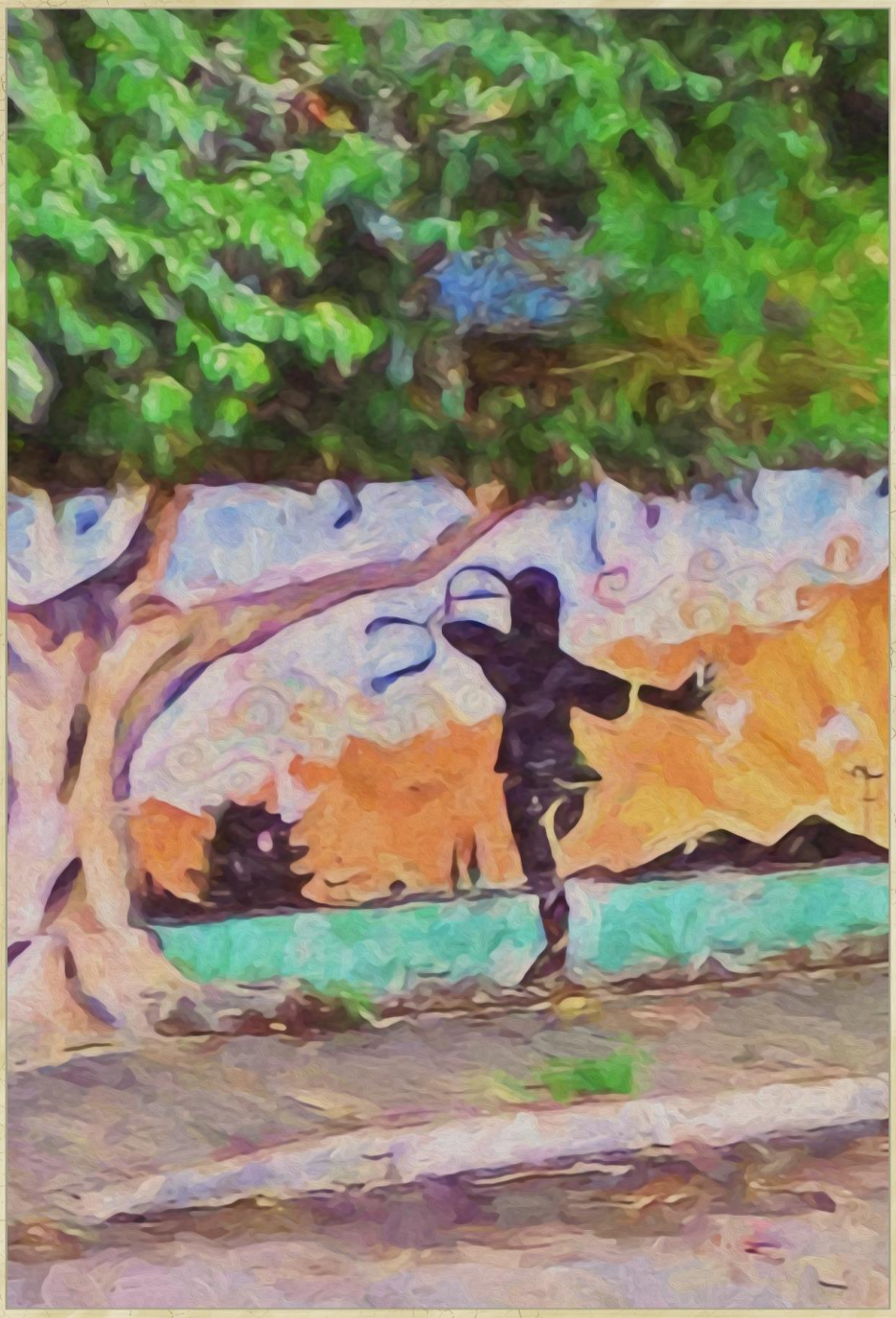

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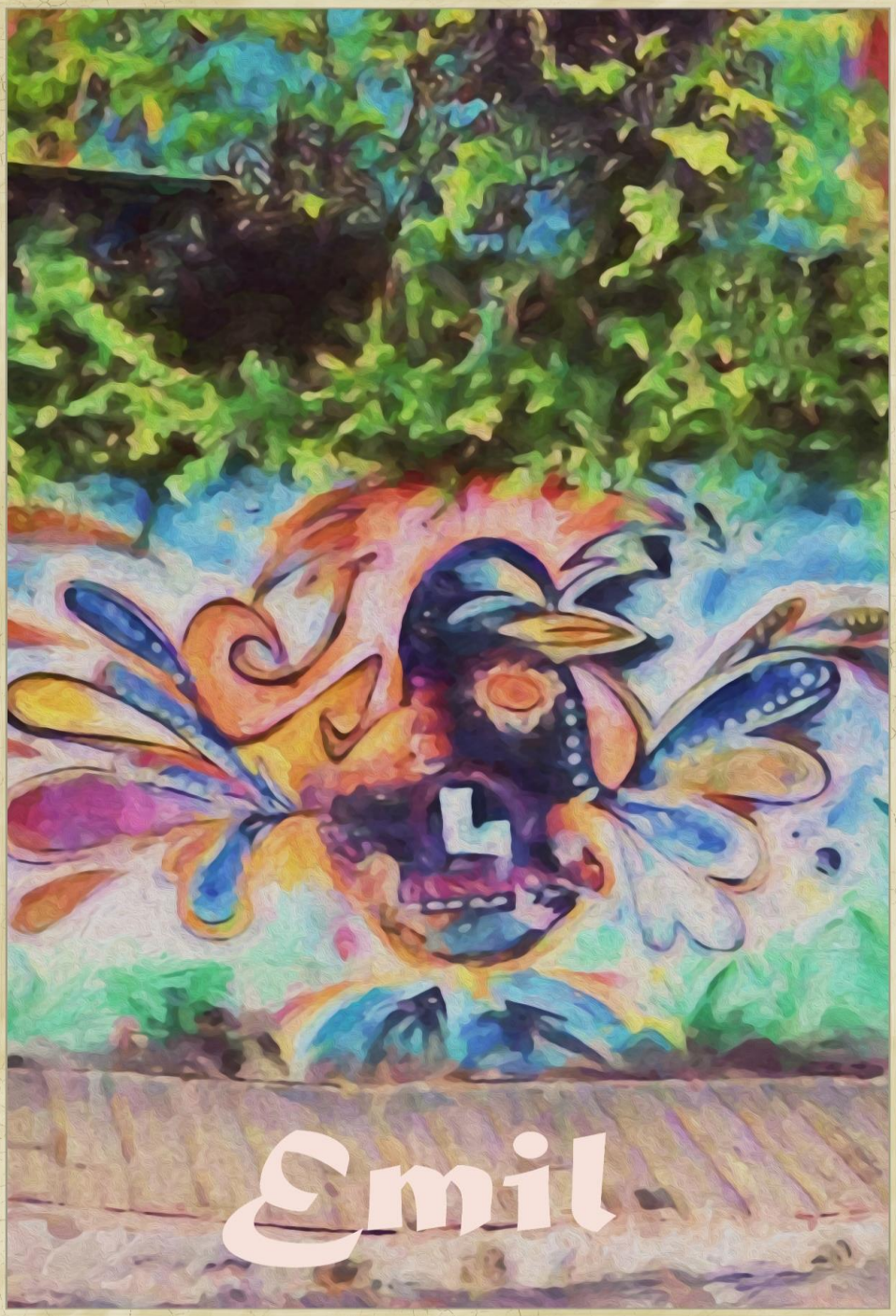

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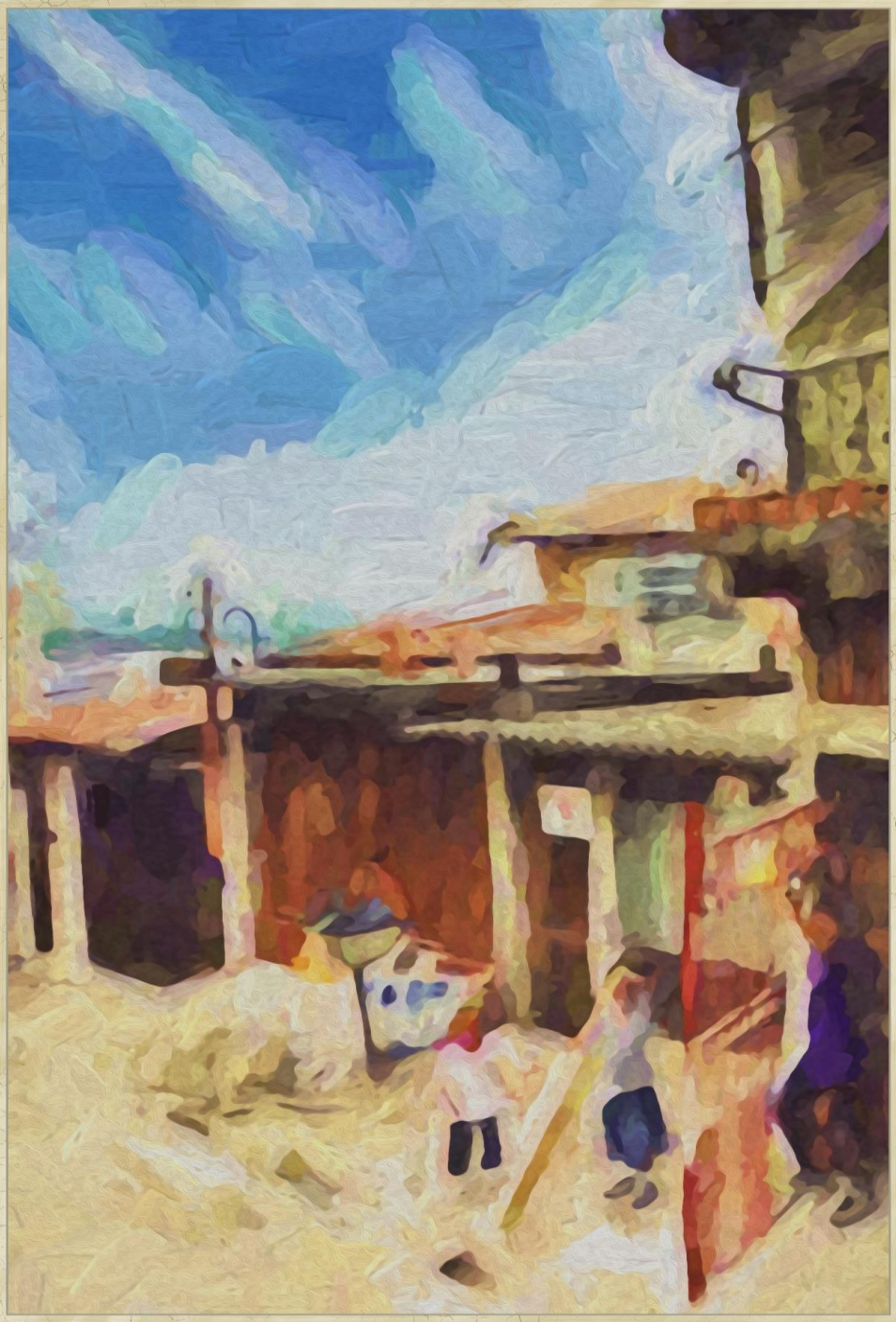

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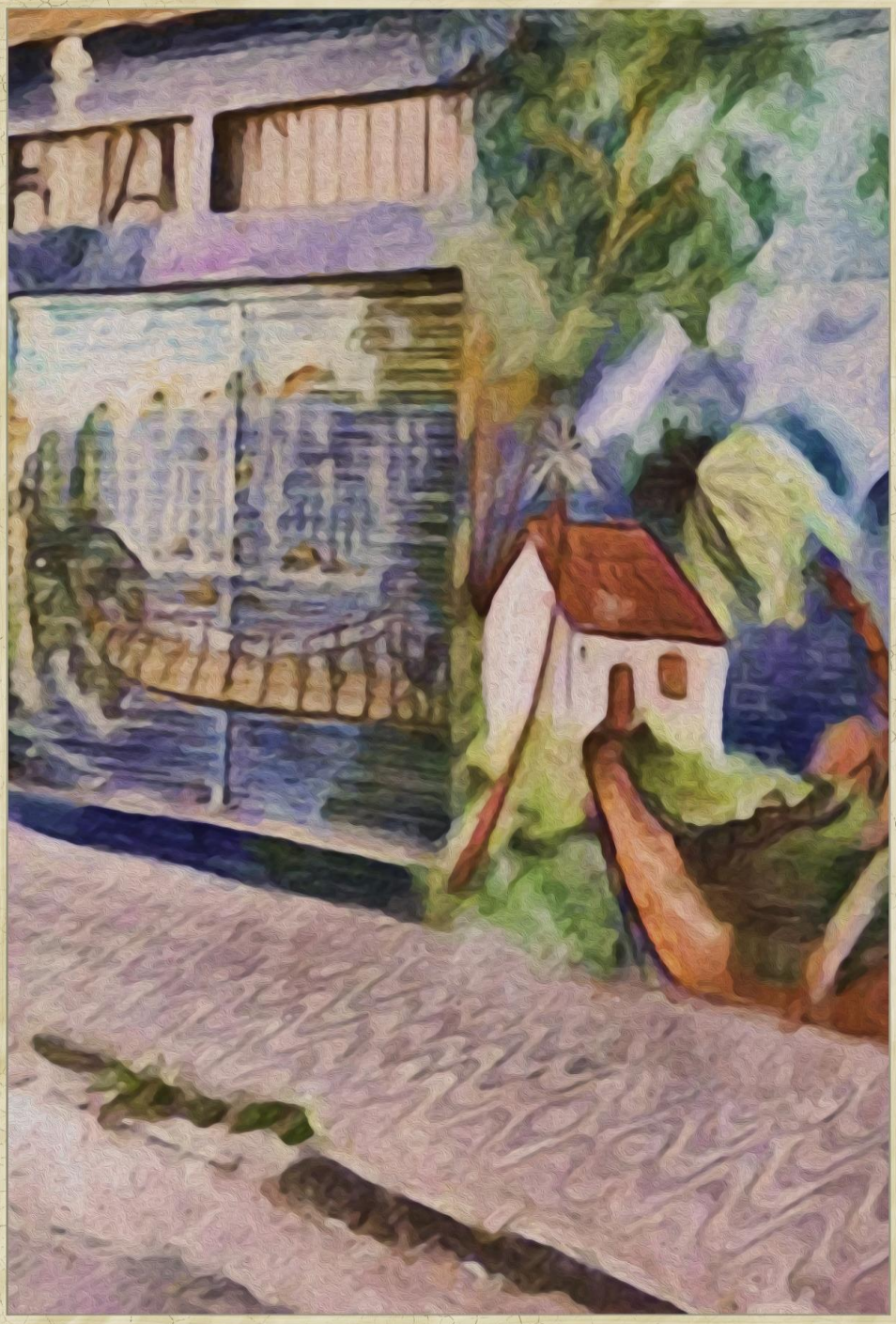

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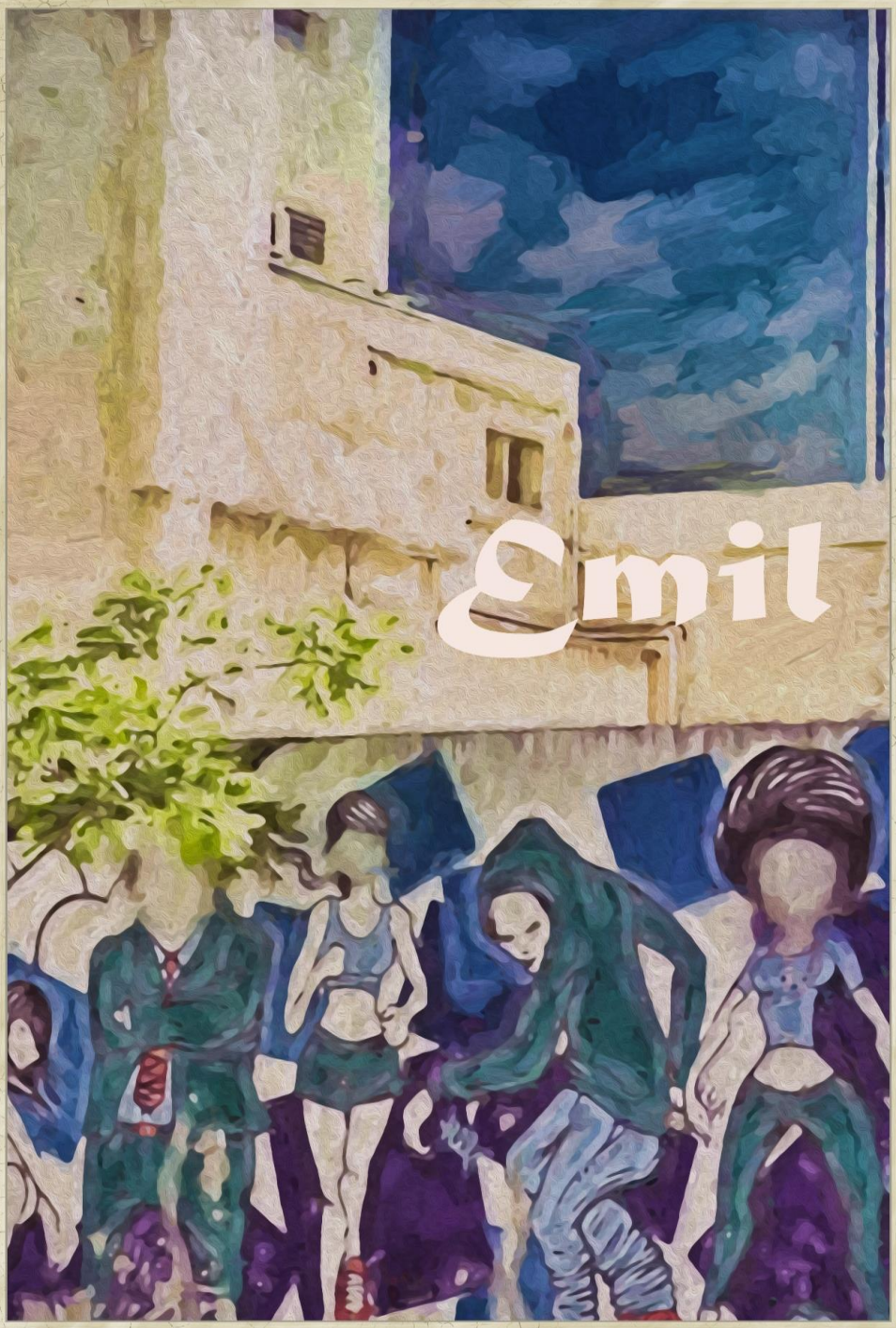

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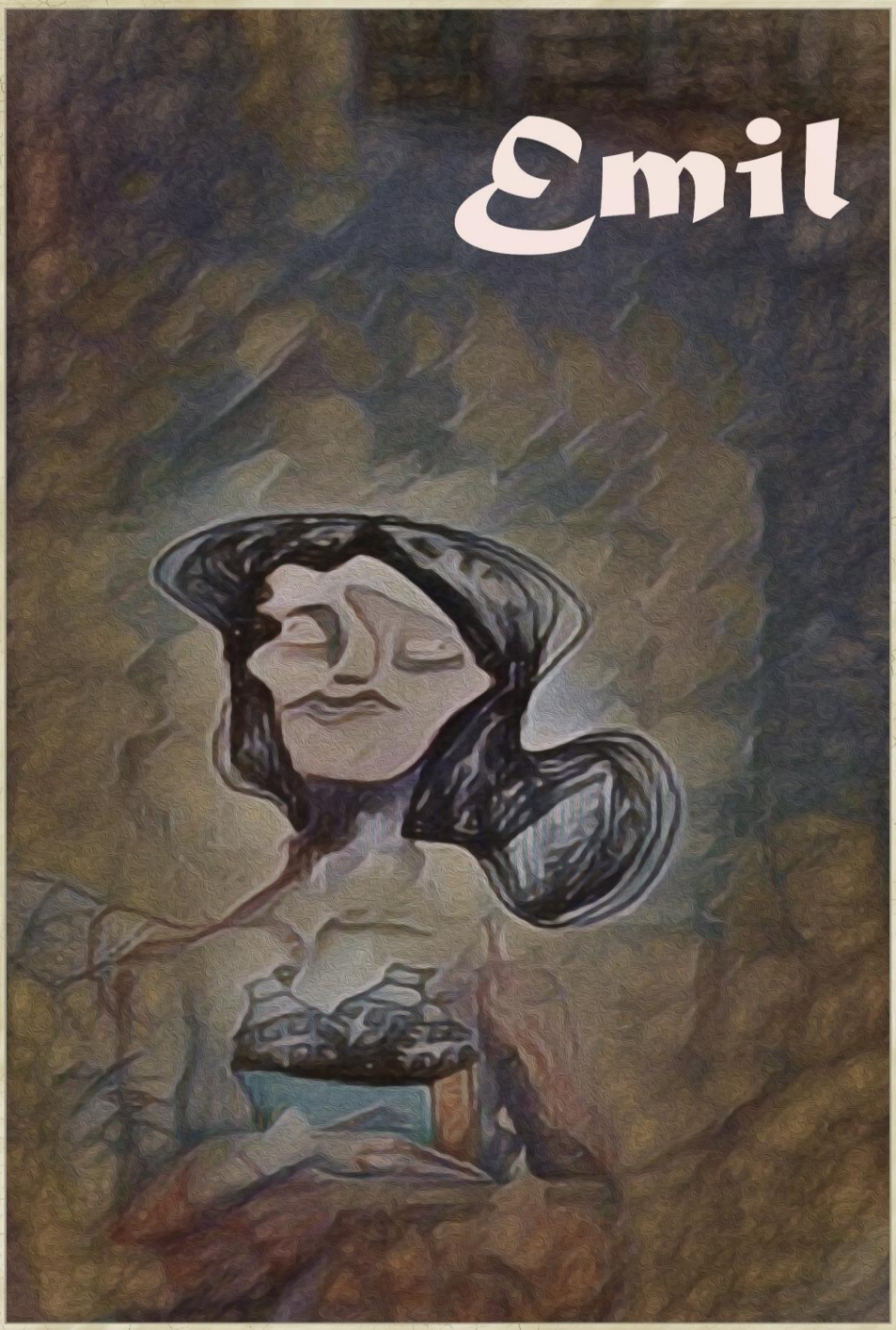

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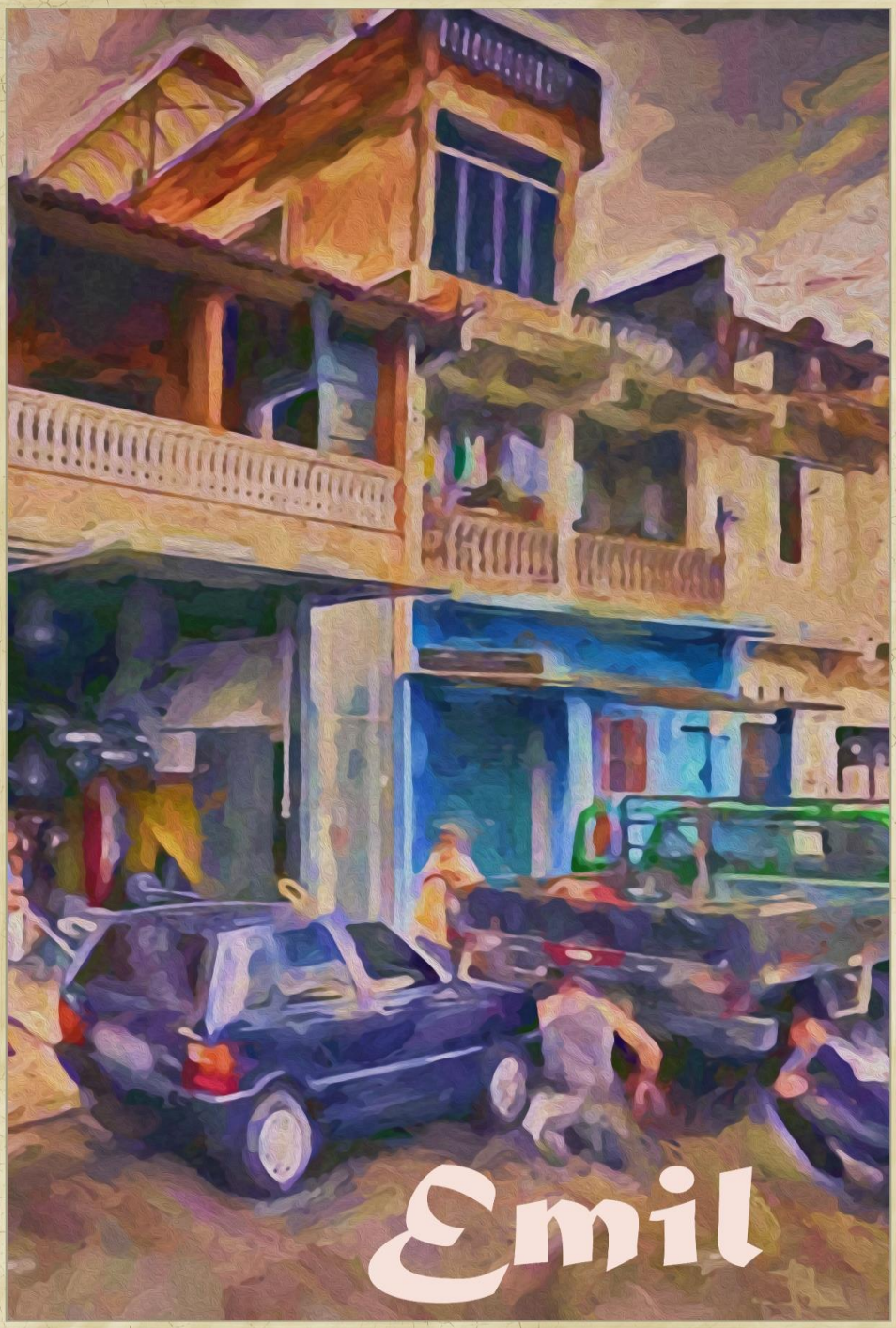

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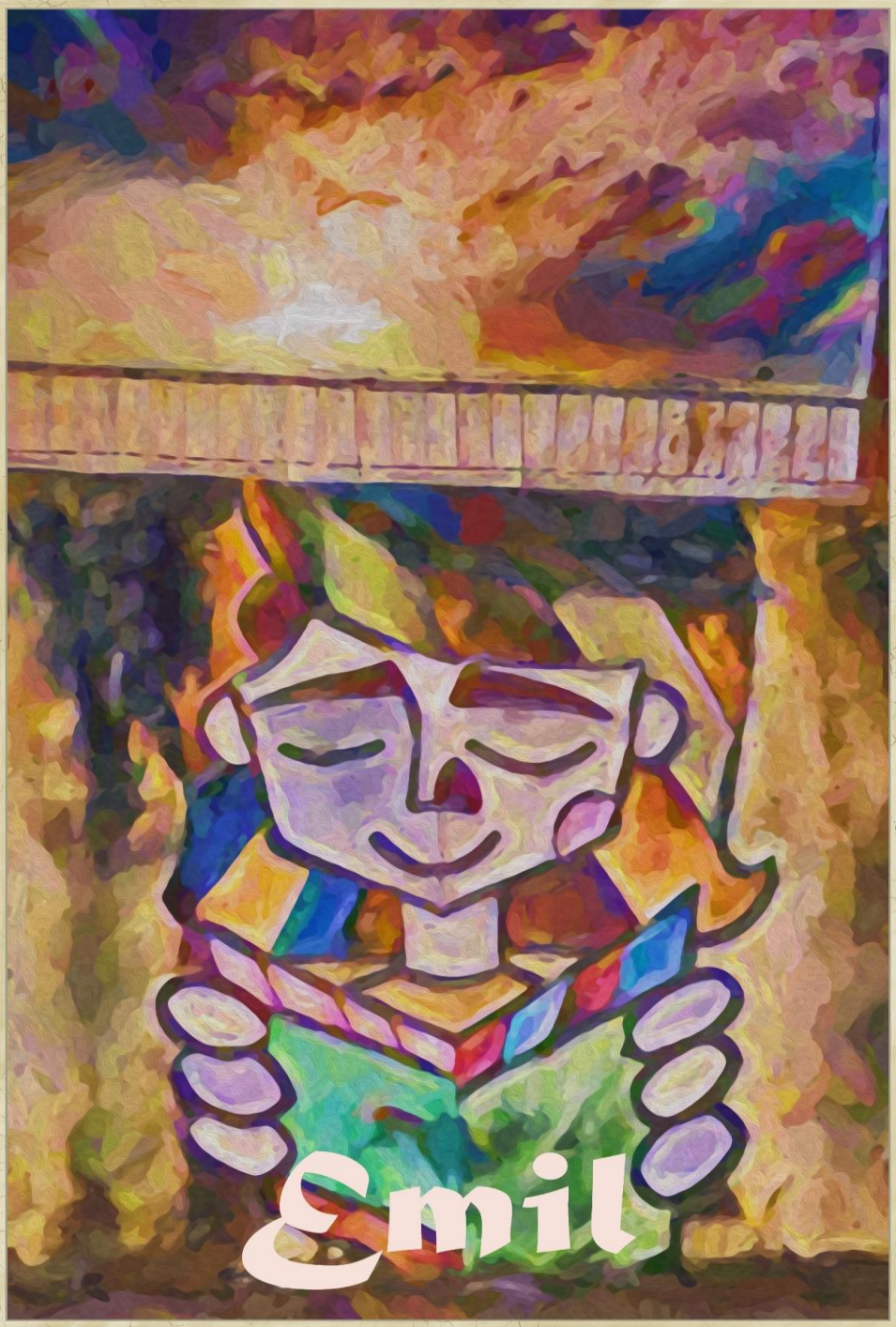

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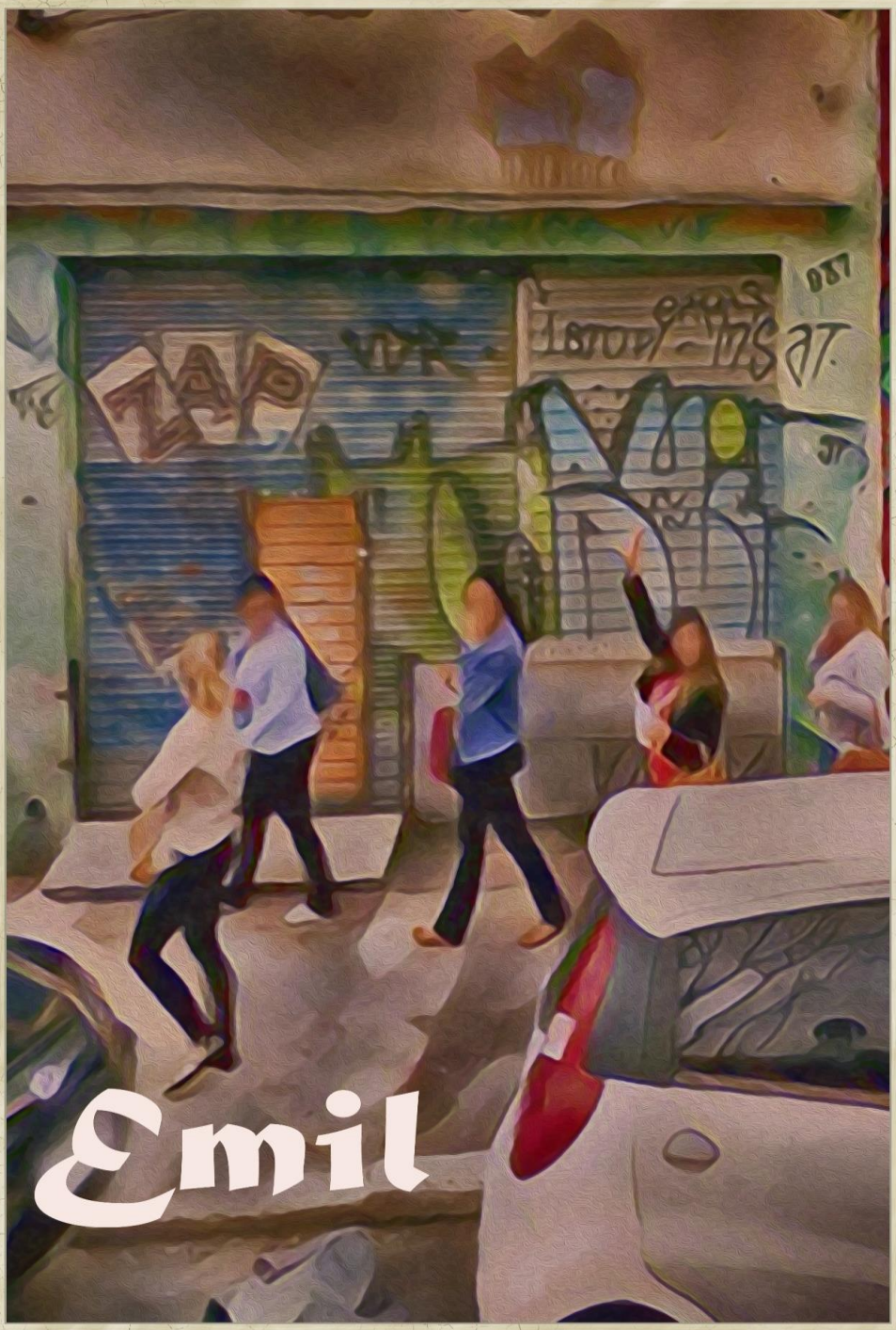

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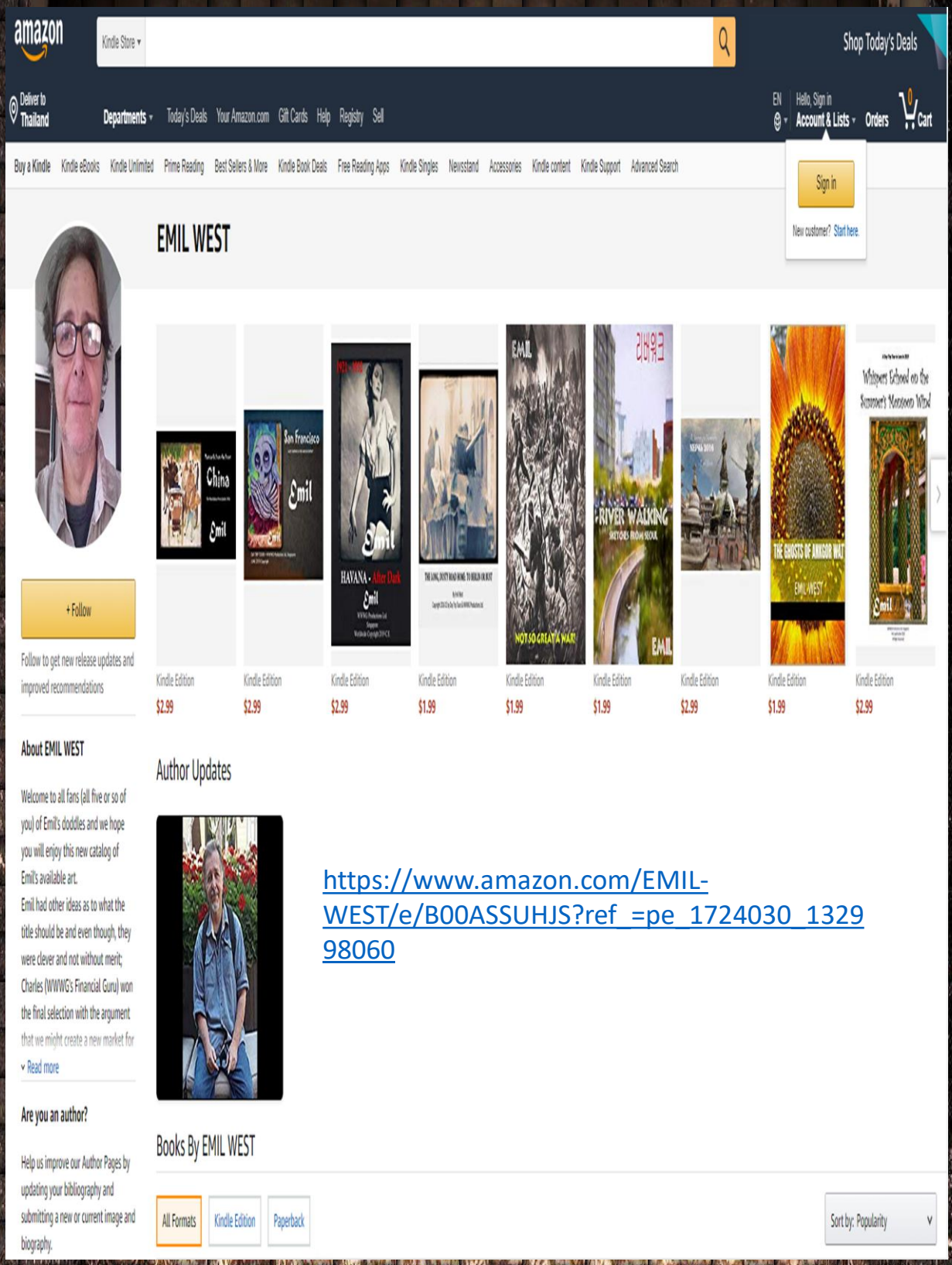

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